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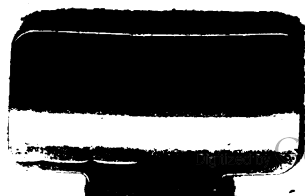
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CORNET.

CHAPTER I.

PURCHASE.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat.

HORACE.

WHETHER it was the red coats of the Cork garrison, or the blue coats of the Ballincollig garrison, the feathers of the infantry, or the spurs of the cavalry, that first created in the mind of Pierce Butler, a disgust for invoices, and an attachment to soldiers, it would be

VOL. I.

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difficult to determine; nor is it material to our history to ascertain the cause of that military fever with which so many are affected, at an age when the *idéal* of life presents nothing but attractions, when the perfection of enjoyment is identified with a scarlet coat, and to be a soldier is to be a hero.

For three long years was the fruit of our hero's writing and arithmetical education applied to copying letters, multiplying hundred-weights, and embellishing bills of lading. The secret desire to escape from such *unheroic* pursuits had, however, for some time existed in his mind; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength—disturbed his nights, and clouded his days—until at length, having confirmed his disgust for trade, and its attendants, he retired from the detested counting-house, and became a cornet in the dragoon guards.

Let it not, however, be supposed that this transfer was a work of easy execution, or that the supreme will of Pierce was alone sufficient to enable him to exchange the pen for the sword;—no—old Butler, who had himself once carried the colours of a marching regiment, and learned the meaning of *bivouac* in the first American war, was too well convinced of the advantages of a merchant's life, to allow, without expostulation, that the eldest of the three only children which survived a family of thirteen, should thus sacrifice the prospect of future wealth, and the certainty of present comfort, to scenes which he well knew, from experience, fell far short of anticipation.

“Pierce,” said he, one winter's evening, after the youth's wishes had been mentioned to him by Mrs. Butler—for our hero dreaded a direct communication with the governor on the

subject.—“Pierce,” said he, “when I carried the colours of the third Buffs, the army was quite another thing; at that time an ensign could live handsomely on his pay,—ay, not only live, but save money, Pierce; and more than one of our fellows has thus scraped together the price of his lieutenancy, and afterwards of his company; while now your pay will hardly buy your blacking; and besides, young men, now-a-days, must have allowances. —Why, I remember that in the summer before the rebellion of 96, we messed for seven shillings a-week in the Royal Barracks, Dublin; and never was a better dinner put on the table. Then there’s *new regulation* this, and *new regulation* that;—a man hardly gets comfortable in his coat, when he’s ordered to buy a jacket, scarce soils his lace when he’s ordered to take it off; grey surtouts one year, blue another. Why I never had but two coats all

the time I was in the army, and your mother has one of them yet, locked-up in the brown press, in her store-room, which, even now, wouldn't be a bad coat for a march. Take my advice," continued Old Butler, " stay where you are—stay where you have plenty to eat and drink, where you have a good fire to warm you, and a good bed to rest you, and don't be volunteering to carry colours through bogs, or an empty belly to a battle."

Now Old Butler had a trick of seizing the poker, if at all within his reach, whenever he spoke of the third Buffs and the American war; and although he frequently repeated the above facts to his son, adding thereto many cogent arguments against his embracing the profession of arms, yet, to Pierce's mind, there was something so exciting in this uplifting of the poker, that it completely destroyed the force of the old gen-

tleman's reasoning, and never failed to produce an effect directly contrary to that which was intended.

The heated imagination of Pierce transformed his father's homely garments into full military costume. The antique double-breasted brown coat, which old Butler, from early habit, always wore buttoned up to the chin, and upon which the blazing wood fire now shone with full force, appeared to the eyes of the embryo cornet, a brilliant scarlet colour; the large gold eye-glass, suspended by a short black ribbon, assumed the shape and dignity of the gorget; the long black gaiters required little aid of the imagination to render them perfectly *regulation*; and the still cherished cue, which turned up in so animated a curl above the collar of the old gentleman's coat, completed the impression upon Pierce's disordered fancy. When to this was added

the seizure and brandishing of the brass-handled poker, and the often recurring sounds of the "third Buffs, and the American war," Pierce no longer saw in his father the prudent advocate of mercantile pursuits, but the warm and inspiring champion

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!

Old Butler at length yielded to the solicitations of his kind-hearted helpmate and her favourite son. The application was made, the money lodged, and ere many months were over, the anxious expectant was greeted, in the *Cork Chronicle*, with the following most welcome lines :

" DRAGOON GUARDS.—*Pierce Butler, gentleman, to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Houllahan, promoted.*"

Now was all bustle at Bally-butler; the

grand event of Masther Pierce (as the servants called him) going to leave home for the first time ; the making of shirts, buying of bedding, looking out for horses, &c. formed the entire occupation of all those members of the family who were qualified for such important business, and constituted the sole subject of conversation at the dinner-table.

But the greatest excitement attendant upon the departure of Pierce Butler from the land of his forefathers, at least the most noisy, was produced in that apartment of great eating and loud talking—the servant's-hall, a place where, particularly at dinner-time, Mrs. Bridget Rocky, the cook, and Mister Patrick Haly, the coachman, exceeded all their coadjutors in loquaciousness.

“ Shure Masther Pierce is goin' for a sowger,” ejaculated Pat, with an information-giving face, just as Mrs. Rocky was about to

deposit her ample sides in the old arm-chair, which denoted the seat of the Lady President of this erudite assembly.

“ Arrah, then, is it a sowger, entirely, Pat ?” replied Mrs. Rocky, who was just about to exhibit her carving skill upon a huge round of salt beef, well garnished with succulent cabbage. “ Shure and sartin I was ’tis an officer he was goin’ to be.”

“ Musha, success to you, a vourneen,” said Pat, with a smile of good-humoured pity at Mrs. Bridget’s ignorance ; “ sure, isn’t an officer a sowger every day in the week ?”

“ More’s the pity, Pat,” replied Mrs. President, as she added a fork-full of well-gravied cabbage to Pat’s *portion pour trois* of beef ; “ more’s the pity ; and ’tis myself that’s sorry that the young masther is going to layve us for them blathering sowgers, that’ll have no consideration or civilarity for the craytur.

'Tis he that has the kind word for every mother's sowl, letting alone sarvants, which he spakes to just as if they was quality."

"Thrue for you, Mrs. Rocky," simpered square-faced Katty, the kitchen-maid, from the opposite end of the table. "Masther Pierce bates all the genteels I ever laid my eyes on, for civilarity to high and low. God bless him; he never said 'How are you, Katty,' but he did it genteelly."

A loud laugh followed this burst of affection from Katty, whose tender tone seemed to create universal amusement, and many significant interchanges of look.

Mr. O'Leary, the butler, now called the laughing parties to order for making such a noise, and told them, with much seriousness, that "their conduct was more like merry-making at a wake, than daycent conversation afore the young masther's going away, and

he so sorrowful, as it's comin' near the pint."

"Thrue for you, Dan," said Mrs. Rocky, who among all the domestics present, was the only one privileged to call Mr. O'Leary by his christian name, "thrue for you, Dan; sorry enough they'll be themselves, come Christmas, and no tinpenny bits."

Mrs. Rocky's last observation appeared to have a much greater effect upon the company than Mr. O'Leary's rebuke, for the noise almost immediately subsided; and many mutterings were heard of, "Wisha, that's thrue;" "you may say that;" "divil a word a lie in that," &c.

Pat, the coachman, who was violently inimical to half-uttered sentences, and to any appearance in society which bordered upon dulness, again renewed the subject of their

lamentation, by addressing himself, in a most respectful tone, to the orderly Mr. O'Leary.

“Wisha then, Misther Dan (Mr. O'Leary), myself is rejoiced that the young masther's agoin' into the *hoss*, for divil a wan in all the counthry round has a better warrant for riding or dthriving than Masther Pierce; there's them young coult's of the masther's, shure didn't himself take the whip out of my hands, and they rareing, and hat the wickedest uv 'em over the pole of him, and lather'd th' uther across the nick, saying all the while, says he, ‘Dan,’ says he, ‘you're too tinder of 'em.’ Och, I'll be bail there's ne'er a *hoss* or coult from this to Magherafelt that he'd be afeard on, and that's a big word.”

“You may say that, Pat,” said Connor, the footman; “divil a won o' me but thinks wus of Masther Pierce than uv the ould masther himself, God bless him! 'tis he has the

good word in his mouth for the likes uv us ; many's the good piece of slim cake and bread and butther he found in my cubbard for his lunch ; and glad enough I was to have it for him, success to him !”

“ Amen !” said Mrs. Rocky, “ success to him wherever he goes ; there never was a good larder lost upon Masther Pierce. Oh ! then how he used to punish the spiced round hutch, my missis, God bless her ! would always have sarved up at Christmas time ;—it did one's heart good to see him cuttin' the big spits out uv it.”

“ Small blame to him,” said Pat Haly, taking advantage of Mrs. Rocky's oratory to fork out for himself an outside piece of the round, which had tumbled into the gravy.

“ Arrah then, Pat, to be sure you have the divil's twist,” said Mr. O'Leary, as he filled up the vacant parts between the beef and

cabbage on Pat's plate, "'tisin't you'd be the man to spake agin atin; by my sowl if I wur the masther I'd rather keep you a week than a fortnight. Faith you buries more praties behind that big mouth of yours at a male, than would support a daysent man and his family from wan Sunday to another."

"*Naubochlish* a vourneen," said Pat, his mouth stuffed like a trumpeter's; "the masther's not the man that'll begrudge me the little I ates, Mr. O'Leary; and sure 'twould be a sin not to pay attention to the fine vittals he provides for us, God bless him! Why, then, Mister Dan, although 'tis little you ates, I wouldn't be a tierce uv porther in your way, let alone a kag uv the cratur."

A loud laugh, from all but Mr. O'Leary, followed this home-thrust of the hungry coachman, who never failed to repay with interest any attack that was made on either him or his

appetite; and as Mr. O'Leary the butler was as celebrated for his perpetual thirst as Pat Haly the coachman was for his perpetual appetite; having, moreover, caused a quart to be made for the accommodation of his own particular weakness, he was completely silenced by this last allusion to his ruling propensity. Mrs. Rocky, therefore, took temporary possession of the reins of government, and called them to order for their unseasonable mirth.

Her observations were, however, cut short, by the ringing of the dining-room bell, to answer which the butler incontinently departed.

On his return to the hall, which was in the course of a few minutes, he entered with a countenance so expressive of unmixed delight and pleasurable excitement, that not a few of the party began to suspect that Mr. O'Leary was absolutely on his return from a visit to the potteen cask in the cellar; his small eyes were

contracted into mere slits, his capacious mouth was drawn back into one of its most exquisite grins, and his carbuncled nose blossomed forth in all the fulness of unqualified joy.

“Yarrah, then, I thinks ’tis plazed ye are,” said Mrs. Rocky, as she gazed on the delighted physiognomy of the butler, whose grin was now gradually relaxing into that more sedate expression of countenance which generally precedes an important communication.

“Faith that’s tellin’ no lie, Mrs. Rocky, and I thinks ’tis myself ’ll be afther plazing you all with the raal laughing by’s I’m just after getting for ye’s frum Masther Pierce, God bless him.”

“Didn’t I tell ye’s so?” said Mrs. Rocky; “will I knew Dan O’Leary wouldn’t shew his teeth for nothing.”

“Arrah, then, Misther Dan, sure ’tisn’t something to dthink for us you’re after getting

from the young mather," inquired Pat Haly, while all the party, who had now assembled round the fire, looked with anxiously inquiring countenances towards the now more than usually important Mr. O'Leary.

"Why then, Pat, 'tis a wander you didn't guess 'twas something to ait," replied O'Leary, smiling, with no little appearance of self-satisfaction at having made what he considered a *rap* at the ever hungry coachman, whose insinuation at a former part of the evening, as to the butler's taste for liquids had left sufficient sting to make O'Leary too happy in finding an opportunity to give Pat ever so little a return of the compliment.

"Ait or dthrink, by my sowl I'll be too happy to accommodate the young mather," good humouredly replied Haly; "an' so, Mither Dan, if 'tisn't tazin' us ye are, arrah tell us all about it, and success ti ye."

“Why, then, stop till I tell ye,” said O’Leary; “when I goes into the dinin’ parlour, who should be there but Masther Pierce himself, all alone, sittin’ forenent the fire, an’ he lookin’ into it as if he wur countin’ the coals, and not heedin’ me at all at all, when I opened the door, so busy was he with the fire, you see; an’ so says I, ‘Masther Pierce,’ says I, ‘did yourself ring the bell, Sir,’ says I. With that he starts up, and says he, ‘Dan,’ says he, ‘I wish to lave ye all a rimimbrance,’ says he, ‘case why I’m goin’ to-morrow mornin’,’ says he. ‘A, then, is it goin’ to-morrow from us entirely ye are, Sir?’ says I; ‘sorrow’s the wan ’ll have a dthry eye in the house, Sir,’ says I, ‘lettin’ alone myself, that knows you ever since before you wore rackets, Sir,’ says I; ‘well, God prosper ye any way, Sir,’ says I, ‘and good look, and success attend ye, Sir,’ says I.”

“‘Thank ye, Dan,’ says the young masther,

says he, sthretching out his hand with the five-pound note; 'take that, Dan,' says he, 'and give it in my name to the sarvants,' says he; 'but whatever ye do, Dan,' says he, 'don't be afther gettin' dthrunck with it,' says he."

" 'A' then, long life to ye, Masther Pierce,' says I, 'and many thanks to your honor, in the name of all the sarvants, Sir,' says I, 'an' sure 'tisn't gettin' dthrunck we'd be, Sir,' says I, 'and yourself goin' away from us to-morrow, Sir,' says I."

" 'Well, Dan,' says he, 'I depind upon you,' says he; with that he turns agin to look at the fire, an' so, seein' he wasn't much for conversing, I thought it bitthir to wait no longer, but cum an' tell ye's all about it."

"Ah, then, 'tis kind father for him," said Mrs. Rocky; "and so you got five pound? Wisha then, success an' long life to him, an' that he may never want it! God bless him!"

“Amen !” said all present, in voices which resembled more the responses to the morning service of a parish church, than the welcomes of reception for a five-pound note.

Mr. O’Leary now took upon himself the distribution of Pierce’s liberal donation ; and, notwithstanding the interdict against getting drunk, Katty was dispatched to Leaky’s shebeen, in the village, for two quarts of the best parliament to begin with, while Mrs. Rocky prepared the “materials.”

CHAPTER II.

JOINING THE REGIMENT.

Look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Animus tibi pendet.

TER.

To the pleasurable excitement which the gazette caused in the mind of Pierce, one qualification alone presented itself; it was a feeling which not unfrequently depressed his military zeal, and clouded his anticipations of future happiness—the cornet was a victim to the all powerful god—

Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took,

which was unfortunately directed at the heart of poor Pierce, and now caused those occasional moments of abstraction which have been already hinted at by the servant's-hall orators, and were too visibly mingled with his general cheerfulness.

Susan Lovett was the destroyer of his peace ; the gentle glances from her soft blue eyes first caused that perturbation, which ere now had disturbed his arithmetical calculations, and produced more than one erroneous *sum total* in his father's counting-house ; true, this feeling, if even he had been allowed the fullest gratification of it, would never have induced him to sacrifice his prospects of eminence and distinction, or to abandon those designs which he so long meditated making upon laurelled fame and bubbling reputation ; still there was a *tristesse* attendant upon the thought of parting from those blue eyes, which beamed

on him, at least he believed, in kindness—there was a reluctance to leave half-kindled the flame which, he sometimes solaced himself with the idea, had been created by his means, in the lovely Susan's heart; worst of all, there was a racking, torturing doubt, as to the nature of her feelings towards him—a teasing, irritating, unconfiding hope, in the softness of those placid looks, which—

Shewed the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

Susan was the youngest of the neighbouring rector's two blooming daughters, whose residence in the vicinity of Ballybutler naturally produced an intimacy between the two families of the Glebe house, and that of Mr. Butler; it is not, therefore, much to be wondered at, that Pierce should have been often seen in the evening crossing the stone stile, which led from the Ballybutler avenue into a

field adjoining the lawn of the Glebe house, and this became of more frequent occurrence, when Mr. Butler's evident disinclination to make a soldier of his mercantile son, produced those evening lectures, which were generally concluded in a manner by no means accordant with the wishes of Pierce. Often, therefore, after a long and toilsome day of counting-house employ, did Pierce gladly join the tea-party at the Glebe, where the cheerful conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, a song from Susan, or an air on the harp from Eleanor, the elder sister, would dispel the gloom of his discontent, and lighten the load of his commercial cares. Both sisters regarded Pierce with quite a fraternal feeling; and when he was bewailing his unhappy lot to Eleanor, or grumbling over the inflexibility of his parent to Mr. Lovett, the former would express her sense of his wrongs with animation,

and energy, while the gentle Susan simply exhibited her participation in his sufferings, by an unaffected look of sincere compassion. Pierce, who was daily becoming more a victim to that silent loveliness, would often endeavour to elicit whether aught else but mere compassion was contained in those expressions of countenance which he would gladly have interpreted in a manner favourable to his wishes; but still the same smooth current flowed in the manner and deportment of Susan; all was kindness, compassion—gentleness. The more ardent passion she had not yet experienced; a peaceful home, an affectionate father, an attached sister—the quiet glebe, the babbling brook, the varied landscape,—these alone were joys to Susan Lovett. Her virgin heart was yet undisturbed in its pulsation—her tranquil mind aspired to no more exquisite delights than those which her home and,

friends afforded. A sort of pensive contentment appeared to enshrine her; and when, in the evening ramble, she gazed upon the peaceful scene around, and—

Looked from Nature up to Nature's God,

Susan Lovett was contented—she was happy.

It was just after his return from taking leave of his friends at the Glebe, that Pierce was seated, as described by O'Leary in the last chapter, in a state of total abstraction. A circumstance had that evening occurred, which tended not a little to increase his perplexity with regard to the nature of Susan's feelings towards him. He had overtaken the Lovetts, in the shrubbery going up to the Glebe, on their return from their usual evening walk, and although much pressed to go into the house, and occupy his customary seat at the tea-table, he excused himself on the plea of preparation for

his departure, and took leave of them all, at the bottom of the steps going up to the Glebe house. After shaking Susan by the hand, and bidding her farewell, in a manner which, he hoped, conveyed more meaning than his words, both parties were moving in opposite directions, when Pierce, feeling an indescribable impulse to catch one last glimpse of all he held so dear, turned his face towards the hall-door, and there saw, entering last, and in a corresponding position with himself, Susan Lovett. Their eyes met—hers were instantly averted, and poor Pierce was immediately left to waste his inquiring gaze upon the closed door.

We cannot, therefore, be surprised that, when Mr. O'Leary, the butler, appeared to answer the summons of the bell in the dining-room, poor doubting, fearing, loving, Pierce was found—

Gazing

On the gay hearth blazing.

This was not, however, a situation worthy of a cornet of dragoon guards; and Pierce, as he watched the dying embers, inwardly resolved that the duties of his new profession should absorb all ideas of love and Susan, "who," said he, aloud, as he rose from his chair, "perhaps, after all, is indifferent to me."

This conclusion was in itself sufficient to turn the course of his thoughts, and immediately proceeded with his packing and arrangements for departing in the morning by the coach to Philipstown, where the regiment were then quartered. After a night of the most distracting dreams, wherein Susan Lovett, dragoon guards, invoices, and military gazettes, were confusedly mingled, Pierce woke at five o'clock, to the well-known voice of Dan O'Leary, who, evidently under the influence of the five-pound note punch, came "to remind his honour, that

Pat Haly had the hoss ablow waiting for to take him to the coach."

Up he jumped; the toilet was soon made; his trunks were dispatched in a car to the public house in the village where the coach stopped, and not long after their arrival, Pierce was seated on the box with the coachman, and on his way to Philipstown.

"The world was all before him," the keen air of March soon cooled his heated temples, anticipation, in its brightest form, took possession of his mind, and when the coach stopped at Cork, for the passengers to breakfast, Pierce felt every disposition to do justice to the well-spread board. The heavy vehicle arrived at Tullamore about six o'clock the following morning, and at that place were the passengers, whose destination was more distant, awakened from their morning slumbers, for the purpose of being transferred to another coach, which

went from thence to Dublin. Philipstown being the first stage on this road, Pierce found himself at the end of his journey about half past seven, and was glad to avail himself of the "*dry lodgin,*" which Mr. Tim Quinlan offered to travellers at his *hotel* of the Cat and Bagpipes; he, however, in vain courted sleep; the same distracting dreams which had disturbed his rest the night previous to his leaving Ballybutter, again visited him at the Cat and Bagpipes, and after rolling about in Mr. Quinlan's whited-brown sheets for about three hours, he rose with a conviction that he should experience no peace of mind until after he had made his *début* at the barracks.

Having taken some time to consider what part of his wardrobe would be most appropriate for such an occasion, he decided on decorating his calfless legs with yellow leather pantaloons and hessian boots, the latter being armed with

an immense pair of brass spurs, which had been presented to him by his aunt Collins, soon after his appointment, the good old lady being totally ignorant that the colour and form of such appendages depended upon the regimental regulations, and consequently that as the —— dragoon guards wore *silver* lace, her brilliant present was altogether useless to her nephew, the cornet. Pierce now completed his figure with a new braided blue surtout, the handy work of the celebrated O'Sullivan, of Cork, which garment had been so altered and re-altered, taken in and let out, that the end of these efforts at perfection, was to render the surtout any thing but a *fit*; it was too loose in the waist, and too tight in the chest; the skirts and arms had been so frequently reduced in order to give them a dapper appearance, that the one scarcely exceeded the length of a highlander's petticoat, while the others were so short, as to

expose a most extravagant portion of wristband. "However," said Pierce, as he contemplated this display of linen, "the shirts were made by my mother, and I have no reason to be ashamed of them."

Thus apparelled, and after drinking some bad *tay* out of a whiskey-smelling cup, our hero set off on foot for the barracks, under the guidance of a bare legged gossoon, whom Mr. Quinlan had procured for his *conducteur*.

The barracks being at the other extremity of the long street which forms the town of Philipstown, Pierce had an opportunity of exhibiting his person to the wondering natives ; and ready as they at all times were to seize on any object of observation which could relieve the prevailing dulness of the place, it may readily be imagined that the appearance of a fair haired, gentlemanly looking youth of nineteen, squeezed into a narrow-chested coat, and a pair of pan-

taloons, whose unyielding texture seemed almost to paralyze his limbs, and added to the difficulty which, independent of these impediments, he found in managing the long spurs, as they perpetually crossed and struck each other, did not fail to attract the attention of both the idle and industrious. Doors and windows were soon filled with spectators. "Musha, look at the object"—"By my sowl, if you down't get fast to the barracks, it isn't for want of rowelling"—"Och! look at the thighs of the creature"—"Terrah, what is he at all?" &c. saluted the awkward cornet on all sides; and although he at first felt pleased that the situation of the barrack gave him an opportunity of walking through the town, he now at each succeeding step, anxiously looked for the welcome gate, and hurried to escape the observations of the unenlightened Philipstonians, as fast as his unmanageable spurs would allow him. Behold

Pierce at length safely past the bridge which led over the canal, just opposite the barrack-gate ;—here he dismissed his bare-legged guide, with a new *tenpenny*, and stopped for a moment to recruit his breath and courage for the approaching ordeal which awaited him in the barrack-yard.

Now it so happened that two new cornets were expected to join the regiment this day, it being the important *twenty-fourth*, and a more than ordinary number of officers were assembled in the yard for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of the *Johnny Raws*, one of whom, a young Englishman, was expected by the canal boat from Dublin, about the same time that it was known Pierce would arrive by the Tullamore coach : they were standing under an archway leading from the front yard to the stables, and directly in the way which it was necessary Pierce should take, in order to arrive at the

colonel's quarters. To avoid this formidable group was impossible, without taking an immense circuit, and therefore Pierce thought it best to put on a bold face, and walk resolutely by them. From his experience of the long spurs, in the course of his walk through the town, he found that to manage them with due regard to his personal safety, required his undivided attention, and a constant observance of the movement of his feet; and as erectness of carriage is indispensable to dignity of deportment, he felt much puzzled how to preserve the latter without risking a fall from the contact of his spurs. His alarm was increased as he approached the archway, by perceiving that the officers, eight in number, had formed themselves into a single line, and were thus prepared to witness his farther progress. Thinking this was, perhaps, a complimentary mode of receiving a new officer, the cornet felt he could not

do less than make the most suitable acknowledgment in his power for such unexpected attention. He accordingly left the spurs, for a moment, to their fate, and ventured to take off his hat in salutation to the formidable but flattering line.—Fatal moment !—Just as he had gravely elevated his hat, and when the officers were returning his acknowledgment with a general military salute, the long brass spurs crossed with an alarming clank ; Pierce in making a rapid and vigorous effort to disentangle them, forced the heel of his right foot over the left spur, his hat flew out of his hand, and the ill-fated cornet fell head foremost in the gravelled yard.

The mock formality of the saluting line was now instantly dropped, and all flew to the assistance of the prostrate cornet.

“ Really,” said Pierce, “ I am quite a-a” as Dick Woodville, a gay lieutenant, after ex-

tricating his spur, assisted Captain Flickerby to place him on his legs, "I'm quite a-a-ashamed-a."

"Oh! Sir, don't mention it," said Dick, with difficulty suppressing his laughter. "The Irish cornet, I perceive," (aside, and winking to the others.) "I hope you are not hurt, Mr. Butler."

"No, not the least, I am much obliged to you, but—" (looking most dolefully at the soiled knees of his pantaloons).

"Oh, never mind them," said Flickerby, who seemed at once to divine the cause of the cornet's unhappiness, "we'll soon put you in *marching order*: the leathers are not a bit the worse for the black eyes you have given them." —The remaining seven officers, who, until now, had succeeded in preserving their gravity, were all set going by this allusion of Flickerby's, to the disfigured pantaloons, and burst into an

unanimous fit of laughter. Pierce knew not which way to turn, or where to look for support, until at length Flickerby, in the best natured manner possible, took him under the arm, and walked him off to his own quarters.

"I'll soon put you to rights," said the good-hearted captain, as he fumbled in his pocket for the key of his room; "pray are you one of the Ormond family of Butlers?"

"No, Sir," said Pierce, "of Ballybutler, near Carigrohan, about six miles from Cork."

"Oh! then that's a country I know well, and have had many a good fox hunt, when we were quartered in Cork. Now, Mr. Butler, there are the drawers open for you, so please yourself. May I ask, how you come to get those gilt spurs?"

Pierce explained that they were a present from a relative.

"By Jove, then, you had better send

them back," replied Flickerby, laughing, "for the colonel will be very apt to order them off."

This was the first intimation Pierce had that his spurs were not regulation, and he was now as anxious to get rid of these cumbersome appendages, as he formerly was to exhibit them on his boots: he accordingly applied for the assistance of Flickerby's servant, whose turn-screw soon relieved his heels from their unaccustomed burthen. A pair of regimental overalls were now selected from the captain's *kit*; and as he was, both in anterior and posterior dimensions, about three times the size of Pierce, it was suggested by him, that the overalls should be, as their title justified, drawn over the pantaloons, which was accordingly done, and having availed himself of the captain's soap and water, and borrowed a pair of immense white leather gauntlet

gloves, *one* of which indeed would almost have sufficed, he proceeded to the colonel's quarters.

Colonel Snelnock was an old and distinguished officer ; his gallant conduct under the Duke of York in Holland, where he held the rank of captain in the 8th, or royal Irish hussars, first brought his name into notice, and ultimately led to his being presented with the command of his present regiment : with them he had gone through the greater part of the Peninsular campaign, and was now enjoying the repose of country quarters, in the society of men, who regarded him more with the affection of children, than with the awe of inferiors in rank. To an enlightened mind he united a peculiar gentleness of manner, which never failed to produce a prepossessing effect upon strangers, and particularly upon young officers, when they first appeared before him to

announce their arrival. Of this suavity, Pierce's visit was not a bad illustration. Waiting on a commanding officer is always, even under the most favourable circumstances, an awful proceeding for a young cornet; and when that cornet makes his appearance in a pair of overalls large enough for a full suit, it may naturally be supposed, that his embarrassment will not be diminished; Pierce therefore obeyed the dignified "come in" of Colonel Snelnock, with fear and trembling, and was not a little agreeably surprised to find himself addressed, on his entrance into the room, by one of the most benevolent looking men he had ever beheld, who, offering him his hand with all the kindness of a friend, requested him to be seated.

"You must have had a cold drive, Mr. Butler; will you take a chair? Pray what

distance is your father's residence from this place?"

Pierce, who already began to find that a colonel was not quite so formidable a personage as his fears led him to anticipate, took courage to state the distance of his journey, and also the manner in which it had been performed.

"Your account is not very creditable to our public conveyances, Mr. Butler; I hope we shall be able here to move you a little faster. You are fond of riding, I hope?"

"Particularly so, Colonel; and have been often out with Hawkes's harriers, and once or twice with the Cork hunt."

"A good beginning, Mr. Butler. I am always glad to hear that any of my officers are fond of fox-hunting, it ensures their keeping good horses: besides, I have ever considered the chase as the picture of war."

Pierce bowed assent.

"But of that, Mr. Butler, I trust you will be one day a better judge. Pray, are you provided with horses and appointments? uniform I perceive you have got," looking at Flickerby's overalls and gloves.

"No, Colonel," said Pierce, putting both gloves into one hand, and compressing them as much as possible; "I have been unfortunate in both respects: Sandy O'Driscoll has been some time on the look-out for me, but could never meet with any thing fit for a charger; and Sullivan, the tailor, was not able to procure the proper lace, although my jackets have been cut out since the very day I was Gazetted."

"Well, Mr. Butler, do not distress yourself on this account; you will find the regimental tailor a very respectable man; and I have no doubt your brother officers will give you every

assistance in procuring horses. Suppose we go towards the mess-room; you are yet, I conclude, unacquainted with any of your brothers in arms?"

Pierce was unwilling to confess the salutation he had received in the barrack-yard, and merely replied that, "he had seen some of the officers in his way to the colonel's apartment."

"It shall be my care, Mr. Butler, to introduce you to them; and I will venture to say, that not a more gentlemanlike, better educated, or more zealous corps of officers exist in the service."

The colonel then led the way to the mess-room, where Pierce was introduced in due form to all the officers who could then be found. The cornet was almost ashamed to acknowledge the smile of recognition from Dick Woodville and Flickerby; and was glad to avail himself of the quarter-master's offer to shew him the

rooms from which he might select his quarter. Accompanied by this important character, and the adjutant, who took care to provide him with a discharged servant *en passant*, he proceeded to make his election of a room, then dispatched his new valet to the Cat and Bagpipes for his trunks, and only got out of the hands of the regimental tailor just in time to re-organize his dress for the mess dinner.

CHAPTER III.

THE MESS DINNER.

I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces.

SHAKESPEARE.

Nunc est bibendum.

HORACE.

“MR. PRESIDENT—Sir, allow me to give you a bumper toast,” said Veterinary Surgeon Andrew Mervyn, better known by the name of Old Andy, to Colonel Snelnock, soon after the cloth was removed.

Permission being given, heel-taps disposed of, and glasses filled, Andy begged leave to

propose the health of "Cornet Butler, and his welcome to the ——— dragoon guards." Pierce was now literally assailed with salutations; for although the number at the mess-table only amounted to ten, yet, on a wink from Flickerby, who sat on his right, the compliment was kept up, and Pierce had to return thanks to at least thirty addresses of "Mr. Butler, your good health." So distinguishing a mark of public attention rather disconcerted our hero; and when he rose to address the mess with some sentences of acknowledgment, which he had previously collected from the proceedings of a Catholic meeting, he completely forgot his part, and was obliged to content himself with drinking to the good health of all present. This failure did not, however, affect the reception of what he was able to utter, and Pierce resumed his seat amid the unbounded applause of his hearers.

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

“ Well done, Cornet: why, you are a regular trump in oratory. By all that’s varment, you will soon be able to talk our legs off.”

OMNES.

“ Ha! ha! ha!”

CAPTAIN BROIL.

“ Will you allow me to ask, Mr. Butler, whether you were originally intended for the bar? you certainly have a great talent for speaking.”

CORNET BUTLER.

“ No, indeed, Sir, I was in my father’s counting-house; I assure you this is the first speech I have ever made.”

OMNES.

“ Wonderful! Ha! ha! ha!”

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

“ Have you brought any horses with you, Cornet ? ”

CORNET BUTLER.

“ No, Sir ; but I am in hopes of having the assistance of some of my brother officers to procure them here.”

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT (*with evident satisfaction*).

“ No horses ! that’s very lucky, for I have got a mare that’s the very thing for you.”

COLONEL SNELNOCK.

“ Ha ! ha ! By Gad, Mr. Ravenscroft, your horses are the very thing for every body.”

OMNES.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

VOL. I.

D

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT (*laughing.*)

"You know, Colonel, that I never keep any *screws*."

CAPTAIN BROIL.

"No, you accommodate your friends with all the *screws*."

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Come, Tom, pass the wine, and don't be so witty: the Cornet will look at my mare to-morrow, I'm certain; wont you, Cornet?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"I shall be very happy, Sir; but really, I am no judge of a horse myself."

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Oh! that don't matter, I'll shew you all about it, after we have had a bit of a deal together."

CORNET BUTLER.

“ Thank you, you are very kind.”

OMNES.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

Pierce did not at all relish these repeated chorusses of laughter, and looked round as if to ascertain the cause, when Dick Woodville asked, whether the cornet had got his uniform yet.

Pierce repeated what he had told the colonel, as to the cause of Sullivan's delay in making his regimentals, and added, that he had in fact brought nothing but a pair of dress boots, “ which,” said he, rather confidently, “ are, I conceive, sufficiently well made.”

The young English Cornet, Thompson, who made his appearance at the barracks soon after Pierce, and who had hitherto maintained a stu-

pid silence at the mess table, now introduced himself to notice, by inquiring from Pierce, with much gravity, who made his boots? to which our hero replied,

“Byrne, of George’s-street: a first rate boot-maker I assure you; he keeps his hunter.”

CORNET THOMPSON.

“George-street, George-street: I don’t know of any boot-maker in that street. Do you mean George-street, Portman-square?”

CORNET BUTLER.

“Not at all; Portman-square, why you must know very little of Cork: there is no square near it, George’s-street runs into the parade.”

“Oh, Cork!” said Cornet Thompson, with a look of most ineffable contempt, “you are

speaking of Cork, are you? I had no idea that they made boots in Cork."

"Ay, and much better than in London," replied Pierce, much excited by this reflection upon the Irish southern Athens, "and most elegant boots too. I will bet you what you please, that my dress boots are handsomer, and a better fit, than any you can produce."

"Oh, my good Sir," said Cornet Thompson, "mine are from Bann and Bond."

"I don't know who Bannun Bond is," said Pierce, "but I will back my boots against yours, for any sum you please."

"Gentlemen Cornets," interposed Colonel Snelnock, "I must inform you that all bets made in this room, are for the benefit of the mess, and to be disposed of in wine."

"So much the better, Sir," said Pierce, who shewed much anxiety to close with the English cornet, "I will bet him a dozen of

claret, for the benefit of the mess; that my dress boots are better than his."

"Done!" said Cornet Thompson, "done, for a dozen of claret; but who is to decide?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"Oh! the Colonel shall decide for me."

COLONEL SNELNOCK.

"Excuse me, my young friend, I am really not a connoisseur in these matters."

After some discussion as to the umpires, it was at length agreed to, that Flickerby and Tom Broil should decide, the former on the part of the English, the latter on that of the Irish Cornet, and the bet was thus recorded in the bet book:

"Cornet Butler bets Cornet Thompson one dozen of claret, that he, Cornet Butler, will

produce a handsomer pair of boots than Cornet Thompson can."

(Signed)

"PIERCE BUTLER, *Cornet.*

"AUGUSTUS THOMPSON, *Cornet.*

"JAMES SNELNOCK, *Lieut.-Col. (Pres.)*

"ANDREW MERVYN, *V. S., (Vice Pres.)*

Andrew took advantage of the pen and ink being on the table, to make the new cornet sign the rules and regulations of the mess, which, however, he did not insist on their reading.

A knock at the door, and "Come in," from the president, preceded the entry of the regimental serjeant-major and four troop serjeants, who, carrying the order-books under their arms, marched up the room in single file, and forming in line, with their backs to the wall, saluted the company and opened their books.

Pierce stared with astonishment at this addition to the party ; but judging from their long, narrow books, that they were some of the band, who had been ordered to sing glees for the amusement of the mess, merely inquired of Flickerby, in a whisper, “ Why they did not take their helmets off before singing.” His friend was going to tell him what sort of airs the books contained, when Sergeant Longman handed our hero one of the thin volumes for his inspection ; here the cornet, instead of glee or melody, found the following unsophisticated prose :

“ REGIMENTAL ORDERS, BY COL. SNELNOCK,
PHILIPSTOWN BARRACKS, *March* —, 181—.

“ The troops will parade in watering order to morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and proceed to water, under the direction of the orderly officer.

“Cornet Butler is appointed to duty in Captain Broil’s troop, under further orders.”

Then followed the detail of duty for the following day, which stated the number of men for guard, and the name of the serjeant, corporal, and orderly officer, the whole signed “JAMES MUZZY, *Lieutenant and Adjutant.*”

The cornet now felt it altogether unnecessary to make any inquiry about the singing; and having returned the book to the long-legged serjeant, the whole party again saluted the company, and marched out in similar order to that in which they entered.

Colonel Snelnock, who was a temperate man, and seldom exceeded the dragoon’s allowance of a pint of wine, retired early; and this was the signal for a general closing round the fire, and, as Flickerby called it, “beginning the night.”

On the occasion in question, the night was begun by an universal attack on the head and heart of poor Pierce, both of which suffered a severe trial in the repeated visits of the long-necked claret-bottle, and the ever-accompanying solicitation to fill his glass ; his benevolence was, however, at last exhausted, and when Dick Woodville, with his usual attention to new-comers, was going to help him to about the fourteenth bumper, Pierce quietly but firmly declined.

This refusal was by no means well taken by Andrew Mervyn, who began more actively to officiate in his vice-regal duties, after the elevation of Flickerby to the colonel's seat. Andy had just drank wine enough to cause his general good, easy, cautiousness to be transformed into all the noisy jollity of a careless boy. In this state he invariably forgot the name of any stranger who might be present, and generally

called him by some name as much as possible unlike the right one. As may be supposed, Pierce was not more favoured than others, and, by some extraordinary combination of ideas, Andy had contrived to metamorphose *Butler* into *Tomkins*..

“Come, Mr. Tomkins, Sir, drink your wine, my man; that’s a good boy,” said Andrew, with all the jollity of manner with which claret never failed to inspire him. Pierce thought it was as well, at least, to affect compliance, and poured a few drops into his glass; but the veterinary was not to be thus deceived, and rather indignantly said, “Is that your Cork bumper, Mr. Tomkins? pfa! Fill it up, Sir; let me see the bayd, Sir, the bayd—the räal bayd of the liquor, Sir; never flinch from a glass of wine, Tomkins, my man; that’s a good boy. Why, when I joined the — dragoon guards, in the year 1795, Sir, a young

cornet was made drunk every night for a month, to try his temper, Sir ; aye, every night for a month, Sir ; and if he turned sulky, and wouldn't fill his glass, he was fined in a tumbler of salt and water, Sir ; aye, of salt and water, Sir—d'ye hear that, Tomkins, my man ? —and told to go home to his mammy, Sir ; to your mammy, Sir ; to his mother's apron string, Sir. Go home, Sir ; home, home, to your mammy —to your mammy !”

“ My dear Mervyn,” said Woodville, who saw that Andy's description of his boyish days was terminating in personal abuse, “ you are too hard on the cornet. I am sure he is disposed to contribute his utmost to the conviviality of the mess-table. Mr. Butler is perhaps accustomed to a cup of tea or coffee at this hour, and——”

“ Tay and coffee, Sir, tay and coffee, Sir ;—to the devil I pitch your tay and coffee ; we

want no tay and coffee at the mess of the —— dragoon guards, Sir; we want none of your lancer fashions at the mess table of the —— dragoon guards, Sir. Tay and coffee, tay and coffee, &c.," and the highly excited veterinary continued for some time to uphold the old established customs of the —— dragoon guards, and to vent his rage against the bare mention of such substitutes for wine as tea and coffee.

"I assure you, Mr. Mervyn," said Pierce, "that I have no wish whatever to interfere with the rules or customs of the regiment, nor have I at present the least inclination for either tea or coffee; but I am really tired after a long journey, and must confess myself rather inclined to retire to bed."

"That's a good boy, Tomkins; that's a good boy, my man," said Andy, his rage against tea and coffee having now a little subsided; "Mr. President, Sir, allow me to give you a bumper

toast, Sir—Mr. Tomkins's father's health, Sir ; a bumper toast, gentlemen. Mr. President, pass the bottle."

" Why, Andy," said the President, " the cornet's name is Butler, not Tomkins, and I presume the father and son have the same name."

" I beg your pardon, Mr. Butler ; come Tomkins, my man, fill your glass. Cornet Butler's father's health, gentlemen, three times three."

The cornet's father's health was accordingly drank with all the honours ; and Pierce, whose drowsiness had been completely dispelled by the laughable development of Andy's feelings, thought he could not do less than propose the health of Mr. Mervyn, whose most unexpected compliment to his father was, he said, in the highest degree flattering.

No more popular toast could be proposed

than the health of Andrew Mervyn, "the father of the mess," as he was affectionately termed, and Flickerby gave the signal for unqualified applause, by mounting his chair to *give the time*; "hip, hip, hip, huzza!" had so contaminating an effect upon the subject of the toast, that he could not resist the impulse, and with a sort of view-hollo, joined in his own commendation.

This quite overpowered Pierce, and he sunk back in his chair, convulsed with laughter. The flow of soul had begun, and Andy's involuntary shout ended in a soft piano enunciation of

Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me.

More than one verse of his favourite song, however, he could not accomplish; and after repeating it in strong chorus, he next favoured

the company with the following extempore
chant, of most disjointed materials :—

Here's Mr. Butler, and Mr. Tomkins, and Mr. Tomkins's
father, Sir, come all the way from Cork to Phi—lip's—
town,

And Mr. Flickerby sitting in the president's chair of Bur-
lington-town.

And there's Mr. Woodville, Sir, a very fine young ma—an,

And Mr. Ravenscroft, with his Shan—dry—da—an,

And there is Billy Breakpeace, Sir, the dev—l's ———,

And Mr. Shirker, Sir, who thinks himself so fine when he
is mellow ;

Now poor Andy Mervyn, Sir, is this and that, and every
thing else, and doesn't care one da—am. So

Begone dull care, &c. (Chorus.)

“ There's Major Middleton, who walks about with all his know-
ledge,

And Mr. Thompson, Sir, come from the military college.

And there's Tom Broil, that's always an O. P.

And Mr. Tomkins, Sir, with his tea and coffee ;

Now Mr. Butler, Sir, a very fine young man, is come here
to-day, and we are all very glad with him to be jolly,

And old Andy Mervyn will join hands with all good fellows
here this day without folly. So,

Begone dull care, &c. (Chorus.)

ANDY MERVYN'S CHANT.

Here's &c. to Phil-lips-town, And Mr. &c.

The musical score for the first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a whole note B-flat, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, a quarter note E, and a half note D. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords of B-flat major and F major. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords of B-flat major and F major.

woun.

The musical score for the second system continues the piece. The top staff (vocal) begins with a whole note B-flat, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, a quarter note E, and a half note D. The middle staff (piano accompaniment in treble clef) features chords of B-flat major and F major. The bottom staff (piano accompaniment in bass clef) features chords of B-flat major and F major.

Andy appeared to grow young as the night grew old; indeed all parties were now arrived at a most vociferous state of blissfulness; toasts, songs, speeches, and arguments, resounded at one and the same time through the whole apartment,

Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,

and the new cornet, perfectly stupified with wine and noise, was completely at the mercy of his elated companions. Pierce dropped like a senseless log under the table. Tom Broil, with a stentorian application to the president, requested that the cornet should be again decreed the honours of a bumper toast, and nine times nine was bellowed from the tops of chairs and tables. Breakpeace, determined that even the "chaste Diana" should be a witness to the extent of their compliment, introduced himself up the chimney, and made the soot

dance again with reiterations of his scream, that would have done honour to an Indian. A consultation was now held on the most proper and becoming manner of disposing of the sleeping cornet; and after various suggestions and discussions, it was at length decided, that he should be laid out on the table, with as much of the insignia of funereal pomp as could be mustered. A table-cloth was accordingly procured from the mess-waiter, and thrown over the extended body of Pierce, which was illuminated by six tallow candles, arranged at regular intervals around the apparent corpse; his head was slightly elevated on an empty decanter; and a clean white plate, containing a halfpenny and some pieces of broken biscuit placed on his breast, thus tacitly supplicating the means of burial. The cornet was allowed to pass the remainder of the night in quiet possession of the centre of the mess-table,

from which all the glasses and evidences of locality were withdrawn ; and the considerate undertakers, highly satisfied with their arrangements, and fearing that a longer continuance of their revels might awaken the body and destroy the best part of their frolic, at length retired.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC.

The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

SHAKSPEARE.

Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love
me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ; but that's no marvel,
he drinks no wine.

IBID.

It was about four in the morning, when the
last duties were thus systematically performed
towards the insensible body of the poor cornet,
and at seven o'clock the daylight added a most
hideous colouring to the deathlike flames of

the drooping candles ; the many bumpers of claret had proved so complete an opiate to our hero's senses, that his prostrate position was undisturbed by any restlessness ; and when the waiters and room-cleaners commenced their customary operations in the barracks, both plate and body still retained that position in which they had been so considerably placed.

Pat Carbine, the cornet's newly-appointed servant, saw, with much surprise, that the bed in which he expected to find his master, had not been occupied during the night ; and thinking that, perhaps, the cornet had returned to the Cat and Bagpipes, hurried thither, to offer an early proof of his zeal and attention.

Jack Scrub, the deputy mess-waiter, was more fortunate ; for while the active Carbine was striding his best to the Cat and Bagpipes, in search of the cornet, Jack was gazing, with open mouth, at the very man himself, and calculating

the extraordinary addition to his morning's work, which the sleeping gentleman would cause.

Now this Jack Scrub was a fellow of comical humour, and liked a good joke or a frolic, as well as his betters; he had, however, that peculiar temperament, which delighteth more in the social than the solitary laugh; and although he fully divined and entered into the spirit of the trick which had been played upon Pierce, yet he did not half enjoy it alone, and accordingly called to the completion of his happiness the head-waiter, mess-man, cook, and kitchen-maid. This did not suffice: Jack thought truly, that such excitements to laughter did not often present themselves in the dull quarter of Philipstown, and felt that it would be but common kindness to make the occurrence of more general advantage; he therefore, having introduced the beforementioned company, and cautioned them

not to wake the corpse, sought out, with all the expression of a bearer of pleasing intelligence, the stations of the several non-commissioned officers, and brought as many as he could excite the curiosity of, into the mess-room.

The trampling of these heavy-booted visitors now first operated on the stupified senses of Pierce, and he slowly admitted just light enough between his eye-lids to be sensible of his position, and of the presence of several persons ; but the plate and its contents altogether puzzled him, and when he closed his eyes again, to collect his scattered senses, Jack Scrub, avowedly to waken the cornet, but, more truly, to raise a laugh, added a piece of lighted brown paper to the other contributions. The smoke from this completely dispelled the illusion. Pierce started into a sitting position ; down rolled the decanter, off went the plate, and all the ludicrous reality of his situation became evident to him.

Pat Carbine now came to the assistance of his bewildered master, and removing his premature shroud, conducted him to his apartment.

Pierce here endeavoured, both by external and internal application of cold water, to restore his parched mouth and inflamed eyes to a more reputable temperature; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, Ravenscroft declared, on Pierce's joining the breakfast party in the mess-room, "that the cornet looked a little *seedy*."

Pierce rallied, after getting down a bowl of tea, which his friend Andy, who just then appeared, quite rosy, at the window, strongly recommended as a specific for the heat of his mouth and head; and when a slice of broiled ham had been added to this prescription, he was lively enough to laugh at the many droll allusions to his *wake*, as they called it, and good-humoured enough to thank his friends for their attention to his funeral arrangements.

A walk to the stables was now proposed, and acceded to, and here the merits and demerits of the several horses were discussed at great length; their probable improvement, value, age, anatomy, country, breeding, genealogy, and education, were severally entered into with an extent and profoundness of which Pierce's limited knowledge of horseflesh did not permit him to imagine the possibility; the anatomical accuracy of Bill Ravenscroft more particularly astonished the cornet: this learned captain went into a most energetic and scientific detail of the *points* of a horse, and, much to the amusement of all present, brought out, as the result of his long investigation, that all the horses in the regiment were worth nothing, except his own, which were as near as possible perfect. This conclusion naturally led our hero to Ravenscroft's stable, where the captain concentrated his praises upon a long-legged, small-

bodied, switched-tailed, grey mare; this animal, Bill stated, "could do every thing but talk and clean knives," which assertion his servant, Dick Screw, gravely corroborated. Pierce was offered any trial within the barrack-yard, and after repeated assurances of the grey being just the very horse to suit him, was at length tempted to mount. Bill declared that the grey never before looked so ill, nor Pierce so well; and after a few rounds of the yard, the cornet was induced, notwithstanding some very equivocal marks on the knees, to purchase Bill Ravenscroft's grey mare, whose price was reduced in pure consideration and friendship for the cornet, from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and twenty-five guineas.

Pierce, thus provided with a charger, was soon accommodated with every necessary article of equipment for his new purchase by Balance, the paymaster, who introduced him to a com-

plete saddler's shop of horse-appointments, which had been left in his disposal by the two captains placed upon half pay at the last reduction; hunting and regimental saddles, sabreacs, sheepskins, snaffles, bits and straps of various form and fashion, all hung round old Balance's office, arranged in the most attractive positions. Bill Ravenscroft, Tom Broil, and Breakpeace, were requested to be valuers of such articles as the cornet might require, and every thing being unanimously declared to be "as good as new," little difficulty presented itself in fixing the prices.

Balance also accommodated our hero with helmet, sword and belts; and on suggesting the means which a second-hand jacket and overalls would give the cornet of appearing that day in uniform at the mess, Pierce was induced to add those articles also to his stock of purchases.

Behold our hero then mounted, clothed, and accoutred ; he was only anxious to have an opportunity of displaying his new acquisitions before those impudent urchins of Philipstown, who dared to laugh at his entrée on the preceding day.

The remainder of the time before dinner was spent by the cornet in the arrangement of his apartment, (B. 4) where, by the assistance of Pat Carbine and his active wife, the portable bedstead was established, the floor scrubbed, the grate black-leaded, and the barrack allowance of two chairs, a table, and a turf-box secured. Pierce busied himself in placing his small stock of books, consisting of White's Farriery, a Bible and Prayer-Book, and His Majesty's Regulations, in the most favourable position ; and when Mrs. Carbine blew the red turf into a blaze, preparatory to heating the water for his evening toilet, Pierce paced the new-

scrubbed boards of his apartment with all the independence of a sovereign.

In the order book of this day our hero read that "Cornet Butler was directed to attend the riding house at such hours as the riding-master may appoint," and he thanked the colonel for giving him this early opportunity of becoming acquainted with the duties of his profession.

At half-past seven the next morning Pat Carbine came "to warn his master for riding at eight," and full ten minutes before the time appointed, Pierce was mounted, and waiting for the *ride* to be summoned. His expectations were not long delayed. Riding-master Smart, after complimenting his new purchase, at the same time stating that the grey still wanted "a deal of the school," poured forth upon our hero and his companions at drill such a torrent of didactic

eloquence, that his utmost intellect was required to comprehend the riding-master's harangue, without at all attempting to obey the instructions. "Toes up, heels down, shoulders well back, chest well forward, body square, wrist rounded, thigh flat, seat well down, head well up," followed in such rapid antithesis, that the anxious cornet was quite bewildered; the similes and apostrophes of this man of many words, also added to his confusion, and sometimes quite electrified him. "A light hand, men—your hand should be as light as a lady's silk gown; don't be sitting on your horses like sacks, but keep a lively feeling of both reins, and not holding yourselves on by the mouth like lumps of lead; feel 'em, and feel 'em again, and don't be darting in the spurs as if you were spearing salmon. Let me see you go *square round* those corners, and not let your horses move

without hands or legs; keep those elbows in, I say, O'Rourke, and don't be sticking 'em out like a spread aigle. Must I send for your night-cap, Courcy? No going to sleep here, Sir, if you please. Horses on hand, and away from the boards; what are those left legs doing? Off together, and no halting. —Nothing can be worse, nothing can be worse."

Pierce, who had ridden many a hard chase with Sandy O'Driscoll's harriers and the Union hunt, and who, moreover, was considered both a good and bold horseman, was not a little astonished to find himself so thorough a novice at the description of equitation which he was now engaged in. The overpowering quantity of rules and precepts which were to be remembered; the intricacy and unnatural turnings of the horses' movements; the real fatigue and difficulty of riding, mounting and dis-

mounting without the assistance of the stirrups, appeared to him a mass of most unnecessary labour on the part of both pupils and preceptor: and when the *ride* was dismissed, the anticipation of breakfast was much more pleasing to our hero's mind, than that of another visit to the riding-school.

The serjeant-major's drill our hero found much less complicated than the riding-master's, and after the delicate introduction of a new sovereign into the hands of old Broadman, the sword exercise lessons went on very smoothly. The adjutant's affability was not, however, to be thus purchased, and it was not till after poor Pierce had received many reproofs for his stupidity at *squadron drill*, that he discovered the true road to the Lieutenant and Adjutant Murray's heart, which, as Andy Mervyn said, "was one well watered with whiskey punch." Pierce was not slow in taking advantage of

this discovery, and on the morning of drill, invariably cautioned Carbine to provide punch materials, and a large tumbler for the adjutant, whom Pierce invited to an evening glass of grog, in a careless pick-tooth manner, as Murray and he rode together to the exercise ground.

The cornet, thus favourably circumstanced with regard to Murray and Broadman, made up his mind to submit philosophically to the bumping and lecturing of the riding-school, living in hopes that his assiduous attention to Smart's oratory, and his occasional approbation of the exquisiteness and originality of his similes, would one day produce a report to the colonel of his perfection in equitation. One proceeding luckily suggested itself to him, which had more effect upon his *military seat* than the most regular attendance at the school, or the most careful remembrance of the instruc-

tion there given. Pierce purchased the riding-master's chesnut filly, a four-year-old, requiring much breaking; and very soon after, the cornet was declared to have an excellent seat and hand, which qualifications increased in such rapid progression, that in a fortnight from the purchase of the chesnut filly, the cornet was reported finished, and was accordingly dismissed from further attendance at the riding-school.

Not by such means as those which have been just related, but from his general mild and unassuming manner, in which much intelligence and natural penetration were blended with a diffidence rarely to be met with in persons of his age, our hero became every day a greater favorite with the mess, and, contrasted with the sulky unintellectual appearance of the Yorkshire Johnny Raw, who joined about the same time, Pierce appeared to great advantage,

and was universally allowed to be one of the best recruits that had ever joined the Dragoon Guards.

Philipstown was a dull quarter: except an occasional dinner party at one or other of the only two gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, or a more frequent still-hunting party at one of the adjacent bogs or mountains, little variation occurred in the dull routine of weekly parades, and daily mess dinners; the latter were, from default of occupation, often followed by long and excessive demands upon the well stocked cellar, and the orthodox *dragoon* port, "black, strong and intoxicating," circulated, as a pleasing but destructive substitute for more rational enjoyments.

Pierce, like other young cornets, before and since his time, followed the example of his seniors; and although his mind and body both revolted against such a prostitution of

time and health, yet his naturally accommodating disposition, his fear of being thought deficient in goodfellowship, the absence of the domestic circle to which he had been at that hour accustomed, and his extreme reluctance to face the loneliness of his apartment, united to fix the self-reproaching Pierce to the mess-room and the bottle.

Sometimes would the cornet, when, in his capacity of *orderly officer*, he paced the yard at evening stable hour, ruminate upon his dissipated course of life, and firmly resolve to fly from the seducing "black strap." Armed with this determination, he would proceed to make his report to the senior officer present in the mess-room, according to the standing orders of the regiment, and having stated that "all was right," would return to the door, with the laudable intention of retiring for the night; but Pierce was too necessary to the happiness

of the convivial party to be thus suffered to depart: and between expostulation, entreaty, and Andy Mervyn's never-failing allusion to his "home, and mother's apron string," the unwilling cornet was generally brought back to his glass and his companions. At other times, he would turn a deaf ear to every kind of solicitation and rebuke, and with desperate effort rush precipitately to his barrack-room. There, reminded by its untenanted stillness, of the social scene which a few months back, at that hour, he was a happy participator in, the smiling Glebe, and its cheerful evening circle, would rise vividly in his imagination. The worthy rector—the sparkling hearth—the evening song—the lively converse, and Susan Lovett, in all her captivating gentleness, like the presiding angel of the scene, would pass in successive remembrance before his mind, until a recollection of each minute detail that

served to complete the happiness of that cheerful hour, gave to the picture so fair a semblance of reality, that Pierce, as he lay extended before the blazing turf, upon his oaken chairs, would gaze with a pleasurable abstraction upon the imaginary scene, until the dying tones of Andy Mervyn's bacchanalian hollo, issuing from the mess-room, or the more audible responses of a "three times three," would wake him to a sense of his visionary enjoyment, and of the dreary vacuum of his solitary apartment.

Then would Pierce curse the evils of a military life, which left him no society but in dissipation; and after pacing his room with rapid strides, until body and mind were alike exhausted, he would throw himself upon the bed, and seek in sleep a relief from his wretchedness.

It was on one of these nights of returning

sobriety, that Pierce became the victim to a frolic which had been organized by Breakpeace and Flickerby, for the purpose of checking this incipient tendency to reform which the young cornet now so often exhibited. Many attempts had been made to bring him back to the bottle, and more than once his door had been broken open, and the cornet pulled out of bed; but Pierce continued firm, and the repeated attacks on his sobriety seemed rather to affect his naturally good temper, and an occasional expression of irritation escaped him when the subject was introduced. Breakpeace and Flickerby therefore devised the following expedient to diminish his attachment to his bed-room:—a large goat, of the male species, furnished with ample horns, was procured from the establishment of Sergeant Major Broadman, and fixed between the sheets of the cornet's bed, by being made fast to the bed posts; the head of a

horse, which had been that day shot for glanders, contributed by Andy, was placed upon his pillow, and a large bason of the blood of the same horse occupied the chair by his bedside: these articles were introduced into the cornet's room during dinner, by means of the bribed Pat Carbine, and the adroit Dick Screw, who, under the direction of Breakpeace, at that time prevented by illness from dining at the mess, completed the arrangements for the cornet's reception. Pierce retired, as he lately had several times done, soon after nine o'clock—his fire had been purposely suffered to go out; no spark was even left by which his candle might be lighted; and the cornet, his temper already a little ruffled by some observations made by the hard goers upon his early hours, was preparing, in no very benevolent state of mind, to undress himself in the dark. Just as he had angrily torn open his jacket, and

was about to throw it on the bed, a low moan from the goat, who had been for nearly two hours endeavouring to extricate his legs from their unnatural position, startled him to such a degree, that the jacket dropped from his hands, as he thought upon the chair, but in reality into the basin, from which splashed up to his face a liquid by no means agreeable.

Another and a louder moan now fixed his attention upon the bed, at once suspecting that it was some trick devised for the purpose of overturning his late resolution, and driving him back to the mess-room; irritated also by the occurrences of the evening, he determined upon shewing the parties who were concerned in this conspiracy against his repose, that he was not to be bullied into an acquiescence with their demands. Pierce, therefore, with a degree of warmth, in him altogether unusual; seized a pistol which had been loaded with

blank cartridge for riding-school practice, and declared loudly, that "if whatever was in his bed did not immediately come forth, he would fire." Violent struggling in the bed, and another moan, were the only answers to this threat. Pierce fired, but the same responses again signified that the bed was still occupied by his struggling visitor. The cornet having thus failed in his efforts to elicit a reply by an appeal to the hearing of the intruder, now resolved to try what effect he could produce on the sense of feeling; and unsheathing his sword, which he with some difficulty contrived to grope out, commenced a smart attack on the bed clothes, with the back part of the blade, threatening to apply the more deadly edge if his visitor persisted in preserving an *incognito*; but the strokes of the sword were as unsuccessful as the report of the pistol; except a higher tone of moaning, and a more

violent struggling, no change was produced by this variation of attack : and Pierce was still unable either to relieve himself from his unbidden guest, or to obtain any information as to his quality or business.

The cornet's patience was fast ebbing. Enraged at length, and nearly tired with his long castigation of the bed clothes, he exerted all his remaining strength to deal a decisive blow with the edge of the sword ; and having, as he imagined, just discovered that one part of this invincible struggler protruded itself on the pillow, he directed his final blow towards that quarter, and, with well directed aim, smote so truly, that the passive object of his wrath, carrying with it the basin and its contents, fell headlong on the floor, and rolled with deadly inertness to the opposite corner of the room, where it seemed to stop, without motion or vitality. A horrid and sanguineous stench filled the apartment ; the

struggling ceased; the moan was no longer heard; and Pierce, with blood-bespattered face and sword, rushed wildly into the passage, with all the real terrors of a conscious homicide.

The apartments on the other side of the passage, and immediately opposite to those of the cornet, were occupied by Major Costiff and his frugal wife—a prudent couple, well skilled in all the classical intricacies of domestic economy. Rich by inheritance and parsimony, healthy by regularity and temperance, they endeavoured to substitute for the denied gratifications of parents, the pleasures of accumulating wealth and corporeal vigour. The major had read all that had been written on dietetics, from the Life of Cornaro down to Dr. Johnson “on the morbid irritability of the stomach and bowels,” and did not fail to follow in succession the precepts and prescrip-

tions of the several writers. The good lady's zeal in the cause of the stomach even exceeded that of her spouse; each dyspeptic nostrum and infallible panacea were eagerly sought for, purchased, and, as the faculty say, *exhibited*, by Mrs. Costiff—pills, draughts, lozenges, mixtures, powders, electuaries, liquids and solids—all, with indiscriminating affection, were greedily swallowed, and implicitly confided in, by this drug-loving dame. Her dressing-table was like an apothecary's counter on a market-day; her scrap-book was loaded with quack medicine puffs and advertisements; her work-bag swelled with the manuscript contributions of her bilious friends; and the very room in which she sat had become so much impregnated with medicated vapour, that Mrs. Costiff may be said to have lived in an atmosphere of tonics and aperients.

Notwithstanding these active impediments to

the natural course of life, constitutional soundness and extreme regularity of living enabled the major and his lady to bear uninjured the almost daily attacks which they made upon their intestines in the shape of fluid or medicine; and although ever complaining, and always anxious to enter into a detail of the various ailments with which they imagined themselves affected, yet on they went, always in apparent health, always looking the same; and old Andy had been heard to say that, since the time of his joining the regiment to the present day, he had perceived no change in either the faces or complainings of the major and his lady. The careful major, among other health-conferring precepts, had lately met with one which strongly advocated the importance of early hours; and, adopting as usual, with enthusiasm, whatever was last suggested, he had fixed on the night of poor Pierce's adventure, for the commence-

ment of his new system. After much discussion with his loving wife as to the most fitting hour for their intended early repose, eight o'clock was determined on; and at a quarter before eight, Mrs. Costiff took her three antibilious-indigestive powders, being one more than ordinary, by way of experiment; and exactly at eight o'clock, the punctual major joined his lady in this new effort at health and longevity.

The major, who had that morning been exercising his body and mind at a field-day, had already fallen into a profound sleep, and his hypochondriac partner was ruminating upon the probable consequences of the increased dose of antibilious-indigestive, when the one was awoke, and the speculations of the other were disturbed, by a violent knocking at the door of their barrack room, accompanied by most piteous and earnest requests for the major's presence. Costiff, imagining nothing less could

have occurred to require his interposition at such an hour, than a mutiny in the regiment, or an invasion of the White-boys, sprang out of bed, with all the feeling of his responsibility ; and, notwithstanding his dread of catarrh and rheumatism, hurried to the door without any other defence against the elements than a long calico night-shirt, and a small frilled night-cap of Mrs. C.'s, which latter he had lately adopted, as being both more becoming to his capacious mouth and projecting high cheek-bones, and more easily retained in its position, than the cotton head coverings of more general use.

“Oh, Major! Major! pray get up, Sir ; there is dreadful work here. For God's sake come out, Sir ; for I don't know what to do— Major Costiff! Major! Oh!”

Such were the entreaties and exclamations which Pierce continued to repeat at Costiff's door, until the tall figure of the Major, armed

with a plastering knife of the lady's, which, in his hurry, he had seized, appeared in the passage, prepared to learn the worst.

" Oh, Major ! oh, Sir !"

" So, it is you, Mr. Cornet ; what now, what's the matter ?—Speak, Sir !"

" Oh, Major ! oh dear !"

" What in the world is the meaning of all this ? Some d—d humbug, I suppose. What the devil do you want here, Mr. Cornet ?"

" Oh, Major ! oh, Sir ! I, Sir ! oh, Sir ! I, oh, Sir !"

" D'ye hear me, Mr. Cornet ; if you keep me standing here in this cold passage, at the imminent peril of my life, with this easterly wind, just also when I had commenced Dr. Gallipot's new system of early hours—by Heaven, Mr. Cornet, Sir, I'll put you under arrest, Sir, and bring you to a court-martial, Sir."

" Oh, Major ! I fear, Sir—I think, Sir—

Oh, Sir—I fear—I have murdered a brother officer !”

“Oh, is that all, Mr. Cornet ; and do you think yourself entitled to disturb my night’s rest for such infernal humbug as this ?”

A light, now brought by Mrs. Costiff, who had thrown a pair of the major’s grey regimental overalls over her *chemise de nuit*, and hurried to the assistance of her lord, now displayed the unfortunate cornet, sword in hand, pale and trembling ; the deadly whiteness of his face, here and there relieved by the few drops of blood which it had received in the upsetting of the basin and the fall of his jacket, and the formidable instrument of his deed, which he could not look on without horror, embellished also with the same sanguinary stream.

Mrs. Costiff screamed, dropped the candle and overalls, and threw herself into the arms

of the major. He, half-believing the reality of a tragedy which the cornet's appearance so fully corroborated, contented himself with holloing most loudly for assistance, and the self-accusing Pierce added his almost exhausted voice to the general shout.

The mess-room soon sent forth its inhabitants, who had been anxiously awaiting the climax of their scheme; headed by Breakpeace and Flickerby, they crowded to the passage, followed by mess-waiters and lights. Mrs. Costiff fled from the threatened *exposé* of her *déshabille*, and took up a position behind the key-hole of her own door; the cornet, with agitated step, led the way to the expected scene of slaughter; Jack Scrub held aloft the silver branches; Costiff, keeping at a secure distance, protruded his long neck over the heads of the by-standers, and gave both eyes and ears to the *éclaircissement*.

Pierce proceeded to the bed, and there, to his utter astonishment, and no small relief, found Broadman's goat in the full enjoyment of a comfortable sleep between his sheets, which bore evident symptoms of not having been paid any particular respect to by their present occupier; the head of the glandered horse appeared in the corner to which it had rolled, on Pierce dealing that final blow which had given him so much uneasiness; and the tragic embellishments to his face and sword were accounted for in the contents of the now broken basin, and the coagulated covering to his bedroom floor.

CHAPTER V.

THE STILL HUNT.

It came from a still,
Under the hill,
Where the eye of the gauger saw it not.

DR. MAGINN.

Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt.

Henry IV. Part I.

AFTER the sergeant-major's goat had been liberated, and Mrs. Carbine had done her best to remove the unpleasant consequences of its presence, as well as those of the accompanying blood and head, Pierce ventured to commit himself to bed, and was suffered to remain, for the rest of the night, in undisturbed possession of his apartment. Old Costiff, with much grumbling at the unnecessary interruption

to his regularity, which the cornet's visit had occasioned, also retired ; and his prudent lady, judging that no better opportunity could have been afforded her for proving the efficacy of a new "composing draught," which had that day been made up for her, according to the recipe of her friend, Mrs. Blister, of Tullamore, emptied the newly-filled phial, with some degree of gratification at the recent event, and again sought repose in the arms of her lord.

The following morning brought with it a return of the cornet's natural good humour, and the success of the late frolic gave such entire satisfaction to the parties with whom it originated, that it was proposed by them, and unanimously agreed to by the mess, that Pierce should be no longer urged to drink against his inclination, but should be allowed to retire from table, without impediment or remark, at whatever time he felt so disposed.

The cornet advanced daily in the knowledge of his military duties, and Colonel Snelnock complimented him more than once upon his steadiness of conduct, and proficiency in his various exercises. Pierce read "Dundas," and though much puzzled at its contradictory precepts and obscure instruction, yet contrived soon to collect from the work a sufficient quantum of information, as to cross-question, with effect, both Muz and Broadman; indeed, the major himself was occasionally startled by a flash of the cornet's newly-acquired knowledge, and, to the utter destruction of his early hours, sat up for several nights so late as nine o'clock, for the purpose of endeavouring to understand "Dundas," by means of "Dalbiac's Catechism," and thus to equal the cornet in a knowledge of tactics.

The practical parts of the profession, however, soon came to replace the theory, in the

occupation of the cornet. Pierce was pronounced by the major competent to take the command of a party, and was accordingly warned as being "next for duty." A gauger's summons soon called his services into action; and one evening about ten o'clock, just after Pierce had concluded a long letter to his mother, and was in the act of undressing for bed, with the comfortable sensation that he had no longer any nocturnal visitors to apprehend, Sergeant Longman knocked at the door; and handed him the "after orders," wherein he read, that "a subaltern-sergeant, corporal, and twenty men were to parade, mounted in riding-school order, at half-past twelve o'clock, for the purpose of aiding the civil power. Cornet Butler for the above duty."

Rather taken by surprise, but at the same time pleased at the opportunity which, as he thought, was now afforded him of seeing the

application of all the theory which he had so long studied, he called for Carbine with a stout voice, and proceeded to accoutre himself for the nocturnal expedition. Then, sending Pat to the stable, in order to prepare the gallant grey for her unexpected jaunt, he seated himself by the fire, and commenced most diligently to search his Majesty's regulations, and all the military books he was master of, for instructions respecting that particular duty on which he was now ordered.

But vain were his laudable exertions to qualify himself for the responsible command of a still-hunting party. Sections, chapters, and plates, from the title-page *ad finem*, were carefully but fruitlessly examined; neither the diffuse "regulations," the more compendious "elucidation," or the elaborate "red book," could furnish the zealous cornet with the slightest information on the nature of the expe-

dition in which he was about to be engaged; and Pierce heard, not without some little degree of nervousness, the tramp of the horses, and the clattering of the long steel scabbards, as the party were assembling to be inspected by the adjutant before their departure.

Muzzy had just squeezed a thought of lemon-juice into the thirteenth tumbler, which he had that evening been engaged in at old Cabbage's, the quarter-master's; and as he did so with a distinct understanding that it was to be the last, felt every disposition to enjoy his parting glass undisturbed. The notice that "the party were waiting for his inspection," came, therefore, rather unseasonably, and he had strong ideas of acting by the deputation of the sergeant-major, when Pierce, led by his anxiety to avail himself of Muzzy's knowledge and experience, tapped at the quarter-master's door, and requested to see the adjutant.

Cabbage, who was always hospitable to young cornets, begged him to walk in, and Pierce acquiescing, entered a barrack-room, the ingenious arrangement of which he had never seen equalled.

The Cabbage family were nine in number, viz. the quarter-master and his wife, five grown up daughters, and two stripling sons. They all lived together, inhabiting the same room for eating, recreation, and repose; of course they were healthy, happy, and cleanly, and in this their whole and sole apartment, not only contrived to organize and carry into effect the various operations of domestic economy without inconvenience, but, strange to say, were enabled, as in the present instance, to entertain their friends.

The ordinary size of the Philipstown barrack-rooms was eighteen feet by thirteen; this limited space included two closets, one of which

was generally appropriated, by bachelor officers, to the reception of a portable bed, and the other to that of a large coal or turf-box ; the latter also admitted of the operations of boot-cleaning, and accommodated whatever articles of breakfast or other crockery the tenant might be in possession of ; extra articles, of various kinds, were also here appended ; and, not unfrequently, kettles, saddles, fishing-rods, and sword-knots, were seen to grace the pegs, without any regard to order or classification.

In the case of a married man, however, the arrangement was different, as his additional establishment admitted no such extravagant appropriation of pegs and closets ; and if the unfortunate Benedict happened to be blessed with a family, no small ingenuity was required in order to accommodate the several inhabitants. It was for this ingenuity that Mrs. Cabbage was so justly celebrated, and Pierce had now

an opportunity of seeing an illustration of that skill of which he had so often heard mention.

The first article of furniture which attracted the cornet's attention, was a huge green cloth, which, hanging from the centre of the ceiling in all the flow of dramatic laxity, appeared intended to form two grand divisions in the apartment. This cloth had formerly occupied the mess-room floor; and although a severe sufferer from fixed spurs and iron heels, the effects of which it exhibited in the form of sundry holes and rents, yet was it deemed, by the prudent Mrs. Cabbage, of sufficient utility to induce her to purchase, at a sale of cast mess-room furniture, from whence it was transferred, a self-evident bargain, to its present position. The principal apartment, thus divided, formed both dining-room and drawing-room, each having a closet opening into it; in the drawing-room closet, or that farthest from the entrance

door, slept the quarter-master and Mrs. Cabbage, as well as two of the younger daughters ; the dining-room closet was in sole possession of the two elder young ladies, and the dining-room itself, being provided with that most useful piece of furniture,—

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,

was destined to the double duty of a refectory for the family, and a sleeping-room for the sons ; an additional mattress was also here accommodated, whenever the occasional visit of a relation or friend called forth the quarter-master's hospitality. In fact, this portion of the territory, although, for distinction's sake, called the dining-room, was yet as well entitled to that of store-room, or office : for here Cabbage kept his strong chests, filled with the various articles of regimental equipment, on one of which, after it had served his son's toilet, he was.

accustomed to measure out to the tailor the accurate allowances of cloth for coats and jackets; on another, he regulated the books, and exerted his generosity in extending the *debit* side of the troop accounts; and often, when he contemplated the pile of *cast* helmets, swords, and saddles, which garnished the walls, would he thank his stars for the possession of a wife, whose unparalleled arrangements enabled him to accommodate, in the small quarter which was allotted to him, so many means of improving his fortune and principles.

Into this dining-room, bed-room, and office—a veritable *tria juncta in uno*—Pierce was introduced, and heartily welcomed. An invitation to “sit down for a moment,” could not be resisted; and he the more readily acceded to the quarter-master’s request, from a hope, that between Muzzy and his host he would be enabled to collect that information which all

his military books were so lamentably deficient in. Pierce, therefore, doffing his forage-cap, took the proffered chair, and immediately Cabbage called to his third daughter, Katty, who acted as waiter to the family, to "bring a tumbler and spoon for Cornet Butler." Katty soon skipped from behind the curtain, bearing the required articles; and Pierce having deposited the foundation of sugar and spirit, this young Hebe, with all the expertness of previous practice, poured, unbidden, on the "mattayrials" such a boiling portion of the iron kettle's contents, as her mother's early instruction had taught her was sufficient to dilute the force without destroying the flavour of the *raal pottheen*.

"I am really quite distressed, Miss Cabbage," said Pierce, "at giving you all this trouble."

"Oh, don't spake of it, Sir," replied Katty,

in a sweet, soothing brogue ; “ I always makes for my mother, and sure ’twas herself learned me ; ” then vanishing behind the curtain, where the rest of the ladies were awaiting the presence of the punch-drinkers, Katty peered at the operations of the cornet through a convenient aperture, which just admitted the corner of her hazel eye.

“ Oh, don’t be at all distressed, Mr. Butler,” said Cabbage ; “ girls should make themselves useful, and, thanks to their mother, mine have a good warrant for work ; and although, may be, they are not over troubled with what you call *larning*, I being only a corporal when I was married, and not able to afford much of my pay for schooling, yet I’ll go bail they have that in ’em which will make ’em good wives, if they have the luck to get any one to ask ’em.”

Katty pushed as much of her eye through

the curtain as the small hole would admit of, when the word wife was uttered by her father, and directed its whole inquiry at Pierce.

The cornet's mind was, however, too much occupied with the subject of his present anxiety to be sensible of the *reconnaissance*, and finding that neither Muz nor the quartermaster were likely to volunteer him any information on a topic which, to the former, was, under his then occupation, highly unpalatable, he ventured, at once, to state his unsuccessful search throughout his entire stock of military instruction-books, and to request the adjutant would inform him, "what was the nature of the duty in which he was about to be engaged, and in what manner he should conduct himself."

"Faith, as to the nature of the duty," says Jem, "'tis no duty at all, only taking a man out of his bed at night, and away from his

glass of punch, to put money in the pockets of those d—d gaugers, who care not at what time they disturb one's nest, provided they can feather their own. Here have I been kept knocking about the barrack yard all this live-long day, after the colonel's orders, and now can't sit down to take a quiet glass of punch with Cabbage, but there comes a d—d still-hunting party to inspect."

"Then there is not much to be done," said Pierce, paying no attention to the complaining episode of the adjutant's reply.

"Done," said Muzzy, snappishly, "By G—d you have the best part of the joke, Cornet Butler, for you have nothing in the world to do but ride cheek by jowl with a gauger, until you come to the still, and then ride back again, and put half-a-guinea in your pocket."

"That's simple enough, certainly," said Pierce, whose imaginary idea of this nocturnal

service had pictured to him a far more complicated proceeding—not, however, giving full credence to the adjutant's statement, which appeared to partake of rather a jealous feeling respecting the value given by the officer for the revenue fee; and wishing to be put in possession of more detail, he again attacked the adjutant with an inquiry of "How the troops were to be manœuvred?"

This question completely affected the restoration of Jem's good humour. A long and loud laugh from both Muzzy and Cabbage, which, to the cornet's mystification, was most enthusiastically responded to from behind the green curtain, was the only reply which Pierce could for some time obtain, to his simple, and, as he imagined, most rational question. At length the adjutant, subduing the convulsion of his delight, and reducing the unparalleled extension which his mouth always assumed on any

demonstration of glee, relieved his anxiety by saying—

“Manœuvred—ha! ha! ha! By J—s, the best way for a still-hunting party to be manœuvred, is not to be manœuvred at all—ha! ha! ha! isn’t it, Cabbage?—ha! ha! ha!”—and the adjutant’s mouth again retreated to his ears, as he thus appealed to the quartermaster for a commendation of the *bon-mot* *bull* which he had uttered.

“Jem is right enough,” said Cabbage, addressing himself to the cornet, who vainly endeavoured to comprehend this paradox. “The only way is to keep the men together, Mr. Butler, and not let ’em be slipping off to get drunk, and knocked down by the Rockites, and those divils of whisky makers; and mind you don’t go off the high road at all at all.”

“Ay,” says Muzzy, hiccupping, “don’t be letting ’em dhrink whisky. Keep ’em

from the dhrink, 'tis the ruination of a soldier; the best man in the world is fit for no sarvice if he takes to the dhrink—well the colonel knew I, Muzzy, was a sober man when he first promoted me to be lance-corporal. 'Tis only by not dhrinking and *studdiness* that”—

The adjutant was going on to enlarge upon the advantages which sobriety gave to a soldier, a subject which he was always most eloquent on when his practice was at variance with his preaching, when his oration was interrupted by the knocking of Sergeant Toole, who came to say that, “the party had been long ready, and that the gaugers were in the yard, very impatient, for it was already twenty minutes past the time.”

“Bl—t their b——y eyes,” growled Muzzy, as he seized his cap, and left his half finished tumbler, to accompany Pierce to where the

men and horses had been so long in shivering attendance. The gaugers were sulkily walking up and down, leading their half starved ponies, and endeavouring to keep off the cold of a sharp November sleet, which was then falling, by clapping their hands and swinging their arms, muttering at the same time a concerted grumble at the delay which they were experiencing.

The adjutant, whose powers of oratory had been considerably augmented by his progress in the contents of the thirteenth tumbler, took this occasion to address the men appointed to accompany Pierce, on the dangers of intemperance; he was, in fact, but concluding the harangue which Sergeant Toole had so abruptly interrupted, and notwithstanding the continued expressions of impatience which the gaugers now more openly exhibited, Muzzy persisted in his laudable effort to instil into the minds of

the sergeant, corporal, rank and file, a suitable impression of the consequences to be apprehended from too frequent a use of whisky, whether plain or diluted; his discourse was pleasingly diversified with hiccups, and the action varied by occasional changes of position, which were absolutely necessary to the preservation of his equilibrium; and, after several interruptions from Pierce and the impatient gaugers, he at length concluded by referring his auditors to his own person, as an illustration of that sobriety which he so much commended.

This appeal was too much for the gravity of the men, who buzzed forth a half suppressed laugh at Muzzy's expense; and Pierce, fearing that the scene might become still more ridiculous, obeyed the repeated entreaties of the gaugers, and gave the word of command for marching.

About one o'clock, a. m., therefore, Sergeant Toole, Corporal Fury, and twenty privates, with the cornet and two gaugers at their head, filed out of the barrack yard of Philipstown, and proceeded over the bridge, down the long and now deserted street, which did not afford even one solitary lamp to guide them through the ample store of mud and manure, which, like a primeval entrenchment, stood ranged, in varied form and distance, in front of the adjacent houses.

Before these doubtful barriers had been penetrated, the guager, who rode on Pierce's right, and who appeared to assume the dictation of the arrangements, requested the cornet's permission for a little bare-legged urchin, at that moment springing from a huge heap of manure, with which he seemed to have been previously identified, to be accommodated with a seat behind one of the dragoons, adding, in a mys-

terious whisper, that the boy was well acquainted with the only road by which they could approach the still, and of which the gauger and his companion were both ignorant, and would act as a guide to the party.

Pierce being totally unprepared for this demand upon his authority, and having found no provision for such a request, in either his Majesty's regulations, or the more intelligible instructions of Muzzy and Cabbage, hesitated for some moments, and pulling up his horse to consider the question, called to his decision the aid of Sergeant Toole's experience—ordering the party to go quietly on under the command of the corporal. Toole, on being applied to, confessed that he knew of no precedent for such a case; and so much did the responsibility of the cornet's command increase his doubts as to the propriety of acceding to the gauger's request, that he at one moment almost decided

upon galloping back to the barracks, and satisfying his mind, by a direct communication with the major ; but, recollecting his former adventure with the goat, and old Costiff's irritation at having his rest disturbed, even in a case of supposed murder, he dreaded the consequences of an application to him on the present question, and after several times deciding for and against the gauger's request, in both of which decisions the flexible opinion of Toole always coincided, it at length struck him, that as the guagers and his men were ignorant of the situation of the still, unless accompanied by the boy, the party would be unable to reach their place of destination : this conclusion at once fixed his determination, and galloping after the party, by whose side the boy was running, he signified his assent to the guager's wishes, at every risk of transgressing rules and regulations.

Sergeant Toole was, therefore, commissioned to place the urchin behind any of the men he thought proper ; and as the office was rather an unpopular one, none of the dragoons approving of this addition to their encumbrances, he readily availed himself of Pat Kilcock's offer to take the burthen upon himself and his mare. Up sprung the gossoon, assisted by the sergeant ; but no sooner was he fairly seated on the croup of the mare, and his hands attached to the rider's pouch-belt, than the apparently quiet animal, springing out of the ranks, with a suddenness which no one could better account for than Pat himself, threw up her heels, and deposited her ignoble burthen in a neighbouring pool of bog-water.

Pat expressed his surprise at this extraordinary conduct of his old mare—said “ the boy must have tickled her, or something or other”—and congratulating him upon having suffered

no farther inconvenience from his fall than a thorough wetting, asserted, that "if he sat quietly without holding on by the pouch-belt, the mare would go as quiet as a lamb."

The gossoon, thus encouraged, shook the wet out of his tattered garments, was a second time assisted by the sergeant, and, not without some little apprehension, was again perched behind the accommodating Pat. The mare now profiting by her experience, and finding her additional burthen much less firmly seated than before, obeyed the well-known signal of her frolic-loving master, and, with a squeak which seemed to denote her own enjoyment of the joke, kicked the unfortunate gossoon to such a height in the air, that, had he not, by a singular interposition of Providence, landed on his feet in the middle of a half made ditch or bank of earth, the softness of which yielded to his fall, and diminished the

shock, the cornet and the gaugers would have been more likely to return to their quarters with a corpse than a still.

“ I’ll be kilt, I’ll be kilt,” bellowed the urchin, when he was fairly established in the ditch, standing up to his middle in the new made clay.

“ Noa, doant ye,” said Giles Jolly, an English lance-corporal of the party, which halted by Pierce’s orders to assist the sufferer, and set up a shout of laughter.

“ Silence!” cried Sergeant Toole, who saw that the men were taking advantage of the young cornet’s inexperience by playing tricks, and imposing upon his indulgence. “ By the Holy, I’ll report yees all for unstuddiness.”

The cornet, who wanted no report for information of what was going on, gently reprimanded the men for making so unsoldier-like a noise; and riding up to Kilcock, asked

him the cause of the mare's extraordinary viciousness.

"Faith, nothing at all, Sir," said Pat, "only the gossoon was unasy to her. I'll be bail if he sat decently upon her she'd go quiet enough."

"I'll be kilt, I'll be kilt," continued to issue from the centre of the ditch, where the lower extremities of the urchin were still suffering all the miseries of inhumation.

"Get the boy out, for God's sake," said the senior gauger, "and don't keep us here all night with thricks of this fashion."

The sergeant and three of the men now dismounted by Pierce's orders, and proceeded to disengage the trembling urchin from his embedded position, by removing the earth with their hands and sword scabbards: and Pat Kilcock was as active in alleviating, as he had been instrumental in causing, the sufferings of

the unhappy wight; rapidly disposing of that part of the clay nearest the boy's back, he contrived to reach the end of a fragment of linen, which had long ceased to bear any just claim to its original denomination of shirt, and holding this tattered tail with one hand, while with the other he seized a *sougawn* (a plaited hayband), which held the undisputed sovereignty over the kneeless relics of a pair of corduroy breeches, Pat dragged forth the unfortunate guide, to the unavoidable loss of a considerable portion of his under garment, and totally demolishing his solitary suspender.

The sergeant having now intimated to Pierce that the apparent viciousness of Kilcock's mare was entirely caused by the design of the rider, Pat was threatened with a few extra nights in the guard-room, and the cornet was about to have the little guide replaced in his former position, when the boy protested most vociferously

against this proceeding—swore “that they wanted to be the death of him,” and declared “he would rather walk from thence to Dublin by the longest road, than get up a-top of that wicked divil of a mare again.”

Pierce therefore, to avoid delay, had the complainant transferred to the back of Giles Jolly’s old black horse, whose well known dullness was a sufficient security for the urchin’s safety; and having been allowed time to knot together his broken suspender, the boy, determined that if he fell it should be in good company, clasped firmly both arms round Giles’s capacious waist, and thus awaited the bumping of the trot which Pierce had now ordered to be commenced.

Much time had been lost by this ill-timed frolic: and although the party pushed on at a pace sufficient to cause an audible agitation of the stagnant boundaries of the road, which

heaved under the heavy tramp of the horses as they trotted along, yet the night was far advanced when they left the flat country, and following the gauger's direction, struck up a rocky acclivity to the left, which indicated an approach to the mountain. The way here became rough and stony; and when the unavoidable diminution of pace permitted the cornet to consider the subject with more deliberation, he began to doubt how far he was justified in following the gauger up this rocky pass, 'which,' thought he, 'can certainly bear no claim to the title of a high road; and if, as the quarter-master said, I ought not to go off the high road, surely these gaugers are endeavouring to impose upon my ignorance.'

Such were the cornet's thoughts as he rode at the head of the party by the side of the junior gauger, whose coadjutor, acting as guide, preceded them a few yards. The road, though

rough and precipitous, had yet hitherto been sufficiently wide to admit of two persons riding abreast ; but, suddenly, its width was found diminished, and the whole party were obliged to form into single file, in order to be enabled to proceed. This circumstance confirmed the suspicions of Pierce, who, now that a few stars were visible, evidently perceived that the gauger was drawing him into a mere mountain path, bounded with rude fences of furze and stones, a situation not only totally unfitted for, but highly dangerous to the operations of cavalry, and as little like a high road as any mountain pass he had ever seen. Hesitating, therefore, no longer to express his disapprobation of the gauger's conduct, and irritated at the imposition which had been practised on him, he ordered the party to halt, and firmly declared he would proceed no farther on a road so full of risk to his men and horses, all of whom, he asserted,

might be shot at from behind the furze and stones, without the power of resistance, and thus be destroyed in detail.

The gauger confidently assured him that no danger whatever was to be apprehended, or he would never have led him off the high road ; and added, with all humility, that although it was, he was aware, contrary to regulation to put the dragoons in a *boreen* like the present, yet he hoped, as they were now within a few yards of the still, that the captain would allow them to go on with the job, and finish it.

The title of captain was too powerful an application for the cornet's firmness to withstand, and, allowing his good nature to be again imposed upon, he ordered the party to proceed.

The gauger's yards were, however, Pierce thought, of most Patagonian dimensions, for they had already advanced full half a mile up an almost perpendicular path, without any

indication from the guide of having arrived at the termination of their difficult journey, when, suddenly turning to the left, the track seemed to lose itself in a wide boggy waste, and the gauger appearing to have exhausted his geographical knowledge of their course, stated to Pierce, that "from this spot the gossoon had promised to guide them, as the way was extremely intricate, and altogether unknown to him and his coadjutor."

Scarcely had the gauger given utterance to these words, when Giles Jolly's well-known voice was heard roaring from the rear of the line—"The bl-st-d brat has slipped off!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE STILL HUNT.

(CONTINUED.)

Away to the mountain,
To coverte and cave ;
The foe's at the fountain,
And death's in the wave.

The Geraldine.

AT the entrance of a boggy expanse, the limits of which were rendered invisible by the darkness of the night—without a guide—and exposed to a chilling sleet, which was ever and anon drifted into their faces by gusts of wind from the adjacent mountain—behold the gaugers, the cornet, and his men! In vain

did Giles Jolly shout after the treacherous urchin, on whose faith the gauger depended, as he scrambled over the furze and stones, and splashing through the muddy pools, darted like lightning up the mountain side. In vain did the exasperated gauger reiterate vengeance against the "dirty blackguard" who had taken his half-crown, and thus rendered him the value. In vain did Pat Kilcock threaten that "if ever he caught the schaming gossoon, 'twas little help he'd give the dirty tail of him out of a ditch." The urchin heeded not; on he went, over bog, and stones, and torrents, nor stopped until a faint light, glimmering from a distant recess of the mountain, informed the suspecting gauger that his too nimble guide had preceded him at the still.

The fact was, that the little rascal, being nephew to one of the men who was concerned in the illicit manufacture, had offered his ser-

vices as guide to the gauger, for the express purpose of giving such information to the mountain distillers, as would enable them to be prepared for the reception of the gauger, whose visit to their recesses had been for some time expected, and the cunning urchin had just taken advantage of the dragoon's horse to convey him to that spot, where, by a short cut across the country, he could reach the still in less than ten minutes—thus leaving his employers at the very and only moment when his assistance was required, and giving the distillers sufficient notice to conceal their liquor, and dispose of the machinery.

His Majesty's civil servants were now sadly puzzled how to act; and Pierce, so far from exhibiting any disposition to assist their councils, increased the difficulty of the case by protesting, *in toto*, against their conduct.

“ They had,” he said, “ brought him and

the king's troops into a most exposed, dangerous, and responsible situation, without any means of accomplishing the avowed object for which military assistance had been demanded ; that he had already far exceeded his duty in permitting the troops to leave the high road ; and that, as it was evident that the gaugers were both ignorant of the position of the still, and the way to it, he should no longer hesitate to march back the men, and report the case to the commanding officer."

The gaugers were quite unprepared for this burst of angry eloquence from the cornet, who had hitherto borne the matter with apparent calmness ; but the indignation of Pierce had been gradually wound up in his difficult progress up the rocky road and narrow borean ; and, now that the escape of the boy had produced a *ne plus ultra* in their movements, he struggled no longer to conceal his wrath.

The senior gauger felt convinced that the distant light proceeded from the still, and said, that "if the cornet would only allow the party to dismount, and follow him in that direction, he was certain they would find the whole concern in full work, and make sure of a prize."

To this proposition Pierce would not listen, and again repeated his determination to counter-march the party, and report the gauger.

The revenue servant was, however, too zealous in his own cause and that of the government, thus quietly to abandon a capture which appeared almost within his grasp; and again addressing the cornet, begged that, since his last request could not be granted, he might be at least allowed the protection of three or four men, to accompany him to the spot, and insure his safety.

To this proposition Pierce, remembering the admonition of Cabbage, was, at first, also

averse ; but his resentment against the gauger subsiding, and feeling a strong curiosity to witness the mysteries of potheen manufacture, he at length consented to let a corporal and four men dismount and accompany the gauger, with whom he also declared his intention of going, and ordered Sergeant Toole to remain with the rest of the party, and be ready to join him, in case of necessity.

The cornet and gauger, thus reconciled, proceeded across the boggy waste, over which the first grey of a misty morning was now breaking, followed by Fury and the four privates. The boundary of the expanse, which declined as they advanced, was much more distant than they calculated on ; and it was not until after crossing sundry holes of doubtful depth, the constant succession of which kept Pierce eternally springing from one foot to the other, that they arrived at the bottom of the slope, and,

much to the surprise of all, discovered that a deep ravine intervened between them and that part of the mountain from which the light proceeded. This ravine was what Corporal Fury called "an ugly place," having at the bottom a black and rapid stream, and gravelly banks of very wavering firmness; it was not, however, of considerable width, and Pierce, as well as the long-legged corporal and his followers, felt confident of their ability to jump clear of all dangers.

Far different, however, were the feelings of the revenue servants, whose natural formation and deficiency in muscular action caused them to view this barrier to their advance with no very comfortable sensations. The senior gauger, a little man, was troubled with a rotundity in front, induced, it was said, by a too frequent use of the inspiring presents which his activity so often gained him from the

mountain manufacturers, and which was sadly in the way of any such exertion of the body as the yawning ravine required. The other, a cadaverous-looking, middle-sized man, on whose body whisky appeared to have had quite a contrary effect from that which it produced on the fat sides of his brother gauger, seemed not to possess strength sufficient for any effort of saltation, and gazed with an equal degree of apprehension into the gravelly gulf. The ravine, however, must be passed, or no prize could be secured; and both heroes prepared to enter upon what they, from a consciousness of their physical deficiencies, doubtless considered as nearly a "forlorn hope."

He of the bacchanalian formation, who was by far the most confident of the two, first essayed. Throwing to the other side of the ravine his double-caped great coat, and pulling up, with both hands, his unwieldy frontispiece,

as if more equally to distribute its incumbrances upon his person, he stepped back some paces, in order to give his jump the full advantage of velocity ; then, rushing to the brink, he was about to concentrate all his efforts into a vigorous spring, when the treacherous bank receded from his weight, and gliding downwards with a gravelly roll, carried the superincumbent gauger, in easy motion, to the bottom. His brother in misfortune, who had shrewdly awaited the result of his senior's exertions, being thus warned against reposing too much confidence in the excavated bank, set his unbending muscles into motion, at a sufficient distance from the ravine, to insure himself a sound starting place ; this precaution, however, increased the demand upon his activity, as he had now nearly twice the width of the ravine to jump over ; and although his yielding nerves were braced by a zealous application

to a small phial, which he facetiously called his "pocket-pistol," yet,

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,

the hapless candidate for gymnastic fame having a far greater space to accomplish than his unpractised powers were equal to, could alone reach with his chest the opposite bank, against which his meagre body so forcibly struck, that the reaction of its unfriendly edge drove him, with a backward somerset, into the ravine, and, as fate would have it, directly into the outstretched arms of his supplicating coadjutor, who, oppressed alike with his own and companion's sufferings, roared lustily for help and preservation from drowning and death.

It fortunately happened that the stream was but a few feet in depth, and the large cargo of gravel which accompanied the fat gauger in his descent, had so dammed up the water,

that both sufferers were established in a comparatively dry position. However, an accumulation of the stream on one side of the gravelly barrier was a natural consequence of this event ; and both parties beheld, with no small consternation, the increasing rising of the stream, which threatened soon to present itself in the form of a diminutive waterfall, at the expense of the incubating gaugers.

Loudly, therefore, did both affrighted sufferers bellow for assistance, as they watched, with woful countenances, the increasing stream. Pierce and his men were so convulsed with laughter at the affectionate appearance which the gaugers presented, at the bottom of the ravine, that they were for some moments literally unable to afford them any aid, till at length Corporal Fury, with much ingenuity, placed his carbine across the chasm, and directed the uppermost gauger to grasp it

firmly with his hands, and thus assist himself up the bank. This, with some further aid from the men, was accomplished, and the more moveable sufferer was safely landed; his fat companion, however, was not found quite so manageable, for, being of a lesser height and further down in the ravine, he was altogether unable to reach the carbine. Fury was therefore obliged to resort to another method of extrication, by presenting him with the butt-end of the carbine, and exerting his own strength at the muzzle, to pull the gauger up; but the corporal, although a Tipperary dragoon, did not possess sufficient physical ability to carry his design into execution individually; and it was not until Pierce and the four privates united their whole efforts at one extremity of the carbine, that the sub-traction of the bulky gauger was accomplished.

The ill-fated jumpers having been thus extricated in safety, the party proceeded to wind in an oblique direction along the side of the mountain, following the direction of the light which the gradual increase of daylight rendered every moment less perceptible; at length the habitation from which it issued became visible through the mist, and Pierce soon discerned the gable end of a low mud-walled dwelling, which appeared to be situated near the head of the stream whose windings they had crossed. On a nearer approach, it was seen that the precipitous mountain formed the back wall of the hovel, and that the clear stream running in front of the entrance, watered a rocky slope, which rose in a most fantastic form before the hut, and concealed the entrance from any but a near observer. The light was no longer visible, but thick clouds of smoke which issued from the open door, assured the guagers that their ex-

pected visit was considered to have been abandoned, and that the inmates of the dwelling were in the full exercise of their illicit trade; they therefore cautioned Pierce and his men against making any noise that might awaken the suspicion of the distillers; and the senior gauger, directing his coadjutor, the corporal, and two of the dragoons, to guard well the entrance, and to be sure to seize any person that might attempt to escape that way, crept softly to the door, accompanied by Pierce and the rest of the party. There the cornet distinctly heard the laugh of the urchin guide, as he repeated the tale of his adventures of that evening, and Pierce would gladly have availed himself of his concealed position to become further acquainted with the operations carrying on in the interior of the dwelling; but his fat friend the gauger, fearing that any delay at that spot would lead to a discovery of their intentions, hurried Pierce

through the smoke into the hovel, where he was presented with such a scene as he had never before witnessed. To the left of the entrance, and at the extreme end of the hut, appeared the important pot, elevated on a roaring fire of turf, furze, and sticks; from the lid of the pot issued a tin tube, which, proceeding in varied angles through a large vessel of cold water, terminated at length over a dirty looking tub, which acted as the receiver to the extract. A loft, communicating with the lower room by a ladder, appeared to be employed as a store for corn; the portion of which, then in use, was distributed throughout the working apartment, in vessels of various sizes, each containing the material in a different process of fermentation. The number and occupation of the different parties concerned in the manufacture, Pierce was deprived, by their sudden flight, from the gratification of witnessing, for no sooner was

the well known face of the fat gauger perceptible to the Argus eyes of a lanky-haired hag, who, with strange versatility of vision, kept watch both over the instillation of the forbidden liquid, and the entrance of the hut—than she screamed the terrifying notice of “mad dog,” and up the ladder rushed the distillers, leaving the keen-eyed vigil alone responsible for the apparatus and produce.

The gauger, whose profits would be considerably augmented by the possession of a male prisoner, hurried with all the breathless expectation which his anxiety and obesity induced, to the foot of the ladder, and calling to the corporal to secure the old woman and her charge, ascended to the loft, followed by Pierce and the soldiers ; but alas !—vain hopes ; ineffectually did the persevering gauger search every corner of the store, and turn over, in angry inquiry, sheaf after sheaf of the disorganized mass of

oats, barley, and rye. In vain did the dragoons, by his orders, thrust their bayonets into the heaps of straw : no dead or living biped was to be found ; and the tired gauger was at length forced to conclude that his prey must have evaded his grasp, by escaping through a square aperture in the gable end of the loft, which, in addition to the advantages of a window, in admitting air and light, gave also free ingress to the wind and rain, and was on the present occasion employed by the surprised distillers as an outlet, through which they effected their escape. The gauger, thus baffled in his efforts to secure a prisoner, descended to the lower room, followed by his assistants, and there vented his disappointment in repeated discharges of abusive oratory against his coadjutor, to whose neglect, he said, the escape of the prisoners could be alone attributed.

A smart verbal rencontre now took place

between the two gaugers, which was at length terminated by Pierce requesting to know "whether his services would be any longer required?" This application brought the combatants to their temper, and they unanimously set to work in destroying the component parts of the incipient *pottheen*, and possessing themselves of the pot and tube, or, as they more technically entitled these articles, the still and worm. Meantime, the old hag sat, sulkily, upon a low stool, before the receiving vat; her arms folded across her breast, her lank and matted locks, whose filthiness seemed never to have been deranged by any operation of cleansing, hanging wildly over her face and shoulders, and her whole attitude and countenance denoting inexorable hatred against the destroying visitors, whose continued dismemberment of those articles by means of which herself, children, and grandchildren derived subsistence, she for some time

watched, with deep seated, but silent anger, until at length, unable to bear the inward corroding of her suppressed feelings, she sent forth the current of her indignation, in the following torrent of frightful curses, and horrifying anathemas—

“ May the curses of the widow and the fatherless, and the blazes of hell, and the torments of damnation, light upon your heretic souls, ye infernal robbers of the father’s earnings, and the children’s bread!—may your gains bring you bitterness, and your labour sorrow!—may the dark path of your morning walk be lighted with the streaming eyes of the orphan, and the pillow of your bed disquieted with the lengthened shriek of the widowed wife and the helpless mother! May your days be long in pain and suffering, and the weight of your body’s torments on earth, be

only exceeded by the eternal burning of your souls in hell !”

Pierce shuddered with horror at this terrific denunciation ; and perceiving, that the gaugers had completed their work, hurried from the hut, and prepared to leave a place where his duty and his feelings came together in far too violent discord to allow of him being any longer gratified by a scene which called forth such a conflict.

Bearing the still and worm as trophies of their victory, the party proceeded to descend the mountain ; and finding that a small wooden bridge led across the ravine, a short distance above the hut, they took that course in their return, and were thus enabled to obviate the necessity of any further gymnastic exertions on the part of the gaugers, whose activity would now have been still more impeded by the addition of their newly acquired prizes. Crossing

the bridge, therefore, they continued along the bank of the ravine, and being no longer incommoded by darkness, were enabled to reach Sergeant Toole and the rest of the party without difficulty. Pierce now fully expected a finale to his expedition, and, with a cheerful anticipation of breakfast and the barracks, was congratulating the fat gauger on his successful capture, as they descended together the mountain boreen, and came once again in sight of the high road; but to his extreme surprise, he was told by his companion, that "there was yet another information to be acted upon," which unwelcome intelligence, however, he qualified, by adding, "that it was all in their road home, and would not be attended with any difficulty."

Simple, however, as the case was stated to be, the cornet felt no sort of pleasure in the anticipation of this second demand upon his services, and was resolved to give no sort of

latitude to the gauger' in his application of the dragoons; our hero's stomach, also, protested strongly against the performance of any more work before breakfast, for although the gaugers had checked the morning cravings of hunger by warm drams of the new made "pottheen," a glass of which they also gave to each of the soldiers, yet the temperate cornet was unable to reconcile his stomach to so early a stimulant, and could not be prevailed upon to follow the example of his companions. When, therefore, the gauger, pointing to an apparently untenanted bog, requested Pierce to "march the men only a few yards in that direction," it is not to be wondered at that the cornet should muster all his firmness, and, in very decided terms, declare "that he would not stir one inch off the high road."

The gauger saw evidently, from the cornet's manner, that his decision was not to be

shaken, and, therefore, after conferring with his lean brother, proposed an expedient, by which his advance upon the bog would be protected, without violating the cornet's duty or his adhesion to the high road. The gauger proposed, that when he and his coadjutor should have arrived close by the bog, at the edge of which the still was situated, Pierce should support their further advance by a discharge of carbines; that, under the protection of the report from the fire-arms, they would enter the dwelling, which would no doubt be found evacuated by its inhabitants, from an apprehension that the dragoons were at their door; thus meeting with no opposition, they would secure the still, and rejoin the cornet on the high road.

This proposition more bewildered Pierce than the case of the urchin guide, and his doubts were equally unassisted by the experience and

ability of Sergeant Toole and Corporal Fury; the former, a cautious soldier, said "he had never surely heard of firin' ball cattridge in the air that way at a still hunt; but sure the cornet was commanding officer, and might ordther the min to do as he liked, and he for his part knowed his duty well enough to obey the word of command." Fury, who was a shrewder and less cautious counsellor, said, "Sure, Sir, if the gauger ordthers you to fire, 'tis he's the 'sponsible man, and no blame to you, Sir, at all at all, though it arn't reggilar; and if it's reggilar or no, divil a know I know, case why, we always took them stills and worms quite asy afore, just with doing nothing at all but shewin' ourselves."

Pierce immediately adopted Fury's idea of throwing the responsibility on the gauger; and riding up to him, stated, that if he, the gauger, ordered him to make the soldiers fire, he

should certainly give the necessary directions to that effect ; but that the impression upon his mind was, that such a proceeding was contrary to the red book, and not warranted by precedent.

The gauger, rather alarmed at the idea of being held accountable for a discharge of carbines, endeavoured to shift the onus upon Pierce, by saying, " that he was driven to make such a request, by the cornet's determined refusal to leave the high road ; that without some exhibition of the military force, he would not consider himself safe in attempting the capture of the still ; and, in short, if the cornet would not assist him in one way, he must apply for it in another," &c.

" Well, then, Sir," said Pierce, interrupting him, " you take the responsibility on yourself. Recollect, we are provided with ball-cartridge only."

" Oh, captain, as to responsibility, you know, why there's no responsibility at all in the matter," replied the gauger.

" Do you order me to fire, Sir ?"

" Faith, captain, 't isn't for me to give the order; you know the word of command best yourself."

" In short, Sir—do you mean to state officially to me that firing is necessary for your operations ?"

" Indeed then, captain, 'tis necessary for many of my operations, and particularly that of boiling the pot for the potatoes, and hating the water for the punch."

" Come, Mr. Gauger, this is no joking matter; if you state to me that a discharge of fire-arms is absolutely necessary for your preservation in the performance of your duty, I shall of course order the men to fire; but—"

" Thank you, captain, thank you," smartly

answered the shrewd gauger, and not waiting to hear any qualification of the cornet's promise, hurried off to the bog with his lean assistant.

Pierce, thus baffled in his efforts to elicit a more formal application from the gauger, was for some time in doubt what course he should pursue; at length, fearing that possibly the officers of his Majesty's revenue might meet with some personal injury, he resolved upon assisting them with one volley, at all risks: and thinking that the fire would be more effective if the men dismounted, he formed up the party in line, on foot, on one side of the road, leaving the corporal and Pat Kilcock in charge of the horses; and having dressed the line accurately, he gave, with all due form, the following words of command:—

“ Advance arms !—load !—handle cartridge !
—prime !—draw ramrods !—ram down charge !

—return ramrods !—advance arms !—ready !—present !—fire !”

A distant scream was heard soon after the discharge which followed the last word of command, which Pierce thought must have proceeded from some of the frightened distillers, and he every moment expected the return of the gaugers with proofs of their success. A considerable time, however, elapsed, and no sign of either gauger or still appeared; at length, to his great surprise, he beheld coming down the bog road an apparently lifeless body, supported on the shoulders of a person who seemed to perform his task with much uneasiness. On a nearer approach of the parties, he clearly recognised the persons of his revenue friends, and heard the well-known voice of the fat gauger, issuing in angry and terrified complaints from the supported body—“ Oh, I’m shot ! I’m shot ! those damned sodgers, they

did it a-purpose. Oh, my head! and no seizure afther all. Oh! oh!"

"What's the matter, my friend?" said the cornet, as the lean Æneas deposited his corpulent load by the road side, "you seem to have met with an accident?"

"Matther, indeed!—accident! by my sowl, you seem to make a fine joke of it, Mr. Cornet," angrily replied the fat gauger; "why, the Duke of Wellington himself, nor Bony aither, was ever in greater fear for their life: accident, indeed—'twas all done a-purpose."

"What was done?" inquired the cornet.

"Done, Sir? why nothing less than that I had all the balls of your bl-st-d carbines whistling by my ears, to that rate, that if I hadn't crept alongside the ditch, and kept popping behind the furze bushes, I'd have but few words to give you now, and even with that I

got a blow of a ball behind my head that I wont be the better of."

The fact was that the cornet had erred in his calculation of the time which the gaugers would require to go from the high road to the bog, and ordered the men to fire before his friends had made half their journey ; the consequence was, that the unfortunate gaugers were overtaken by the fire from the carbines, which Pierce, to increase the effect, had ordered to be pointed towards the bog. The lean gauger was lucky enough to find a quarry at hand, in which he immediately secured himself ; but the less active bacchanalian, who was considerably behind his companion, in vain endeavoured to reach the same spot ; and after several hair-breadth escapes from the balls, the greater part of which he avoided by getting behind the ditches and furze bushes, he was at length laid low by a piece of clay, which, thrown up in the firing,

saluted him behind the ear—and, more from the fright than the pain which it occasioned, brought him to the ground.

The gauger having been, with some difficulty, persuaded that his wound was not mortal, changed the subject of his complaints to the loss of the still ; but the cornet was too hungry to afford him any consolation : and saying, “ he concluded no further firing would be required from the dragoons,” ordered the men to mount, and proceed homewards.

But this operation was not so easily to be effected, for Pat Kilcock and the corporal, in their anxiety to hear the history of the wounded gauger, had left the horses to take care of themselves : and the consequence was, that when the cornet gave, with all precision, the words of command, “ File to your horses ! Prepare to mount !”—no horses were there to be mounted. Fortunately for our hero's reputation, Sergeant

Toole and the corporal had not quitted their saddles, and, with their assistance, he contrived to catch six out of the eighteen, which had run off on being deserted by Kilcock and the corporal. These, wisely taking the road to the barracks, galloped back, much to the cornet's annoyance, exactly in front of his reduced body, followed by their several masters, who, encumbered with their swords and carbines, in vain endeavoured to secure them. Pierce was in despair at this exposé of tactics, and want of discipline; and the grumbling of his companion the gauger, who kept alternately bewailing the loss of the still, and complaining of the soldiers' inhuman firing, added yet more to his annoyance. But the cornet's misery was complete, when, notwithstanding all his exertions, the detachment entered the barrack-yard in the same irregular order—horses without men, and men without horses—and, to crown all,

Major Costiff was standing at his bed room window, just preparing to take his morning draught of effervescent Cheltenham, when the still-hunting party arrived.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH.

My Lord, our army is dispersed already :

————— They take their courses

East, west, north, south.

————— Go,

Gentlemen, every man unto his charge.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE dull and dreary winter months passed heavily by, and the little garrison of Philips-town, who had commenced speculating upon the next station of the regiment, soon after having been established in the present, now began to look more confidently to a change of scene. That there "must be a move soon," was a proposition often advanced at the mess, and as often

unanimously assented to; but various were the conjectures as to the quarter where this move would terminate in. The colonel said, "Dublin, certainly, for he had a promise from Sir Cocahoop." The major thought "the North, for the constitutions of the men required bracing after so long a residence in a damp and relaxing atmosphere;" Ravenscroft would take "three to two against Belturbet;" and Andy declared, "it was all the same to him where the regiment was quartered."

At length the long-expected officials from the quarter-master-general's office arrived; and, contrary to all calculation, the head-quarters, with four troops, were ordered to Cahir, two squadrons to Limerick, and two separate routes were received for the remaining troops, ordering the march of one to Cork, and the other to Clogheen.

The barrack-walls re-echoed with the often-repeated intelligence of "The route is come."

The colonel told it to the adjutant ; the adjutant to the sergeant-major ; the sergeant-major to Sergeant Longman ; Sergeant Longman to his wife ; Mrs. Longman to her daughter Biddy ; and Miss Biddy told the news to the remaining men, women, and children in the barracks. In less than ten minutes after the arrival of the post, all was hurry, bustle, and confusion ; Costiff was bellowing himself hoarse, from the orderly-room door to Adjutant Jem, who was posting across the yard in high misconception of an order which the major had just given. Ravenscroft was swearing at Dick Screw for cutting his horse's tail, when he ought to be preparing to *cut his stick*. Breakpeace was grinding his teeth in angry declamation against his sergeant-major for not at once abandoning his morning portion of fat bacon, and proceeding to pack up the horses' names ; which, " you know, Sir," said the enraged captain, " I was

at the trouble and expense of having painted on tin plates, for the very purpose of shewing the superiority of the B. troop." Broil was calling for all his non-commissioned officers, and sending them to the devil in succession. Andy Mervyn was *blowing* at the farrier-major, with more vehemence than the forge-bellows. Captains, subalterns, and men, running, scolding, and blundering, threw the whole garrison into such a chaos of warlike preparation, that an unenlightened observer might well have imagined that the country had broken out into rebellion, or, at the very least, that the French had landed.

Pierce beheld and wondered at this strange commotion, the cause of which soon reached his ears; and thinking that it would not be creditable for him to exhibit inertness on an occasion which seemed to demand such universal exertion, he left his decapitated fresh egg, and home-

made sausage, to their certain destruction by Pat Carbine, and hurried down to obtain information, and offer assistance. Directing his course naturally to the quarters of the troop to which he was attached, and where Broil, his captain, was now fuming, he made straight for this point without looking right or left, when Andy Mervyn, who was equally bent upon crossing from the forge to the infirmary stables, came upon the corner in flank, exactly at right angles. Pierce, whose intent observation of his own line of march, did not permit him to see that of Andy's, carried on his course, never heeding, at a rapid pace, until the bisection of the lines brought him full-tilt against Andy's right and (*horresco referens!*) rheumatic shoulder; the veterinary's hand, stung with pain, was quickly dislodged from his pocket, and the stable key, which it had held, was thrown far into the yard. Poor Andy himself,

reeling backwards, with the force of the concussion, fell, finally, upon the ground, completely stunned, and silenced.

The cornet's momentum would have carried him clear over the prostrate veterinary, had not Andy's beaver, as ill-luck would have it, rolled exactly under Pierce's foot, as he sprung to evade the impediment. This head-covering was none of the strongest, and although warranted water-proof, was yet not proof against the pressure of the cornet's foot, which found easy access through the crown, and, thus caught, soon brought the cornet to the ground.

"A case of floor," said Ravenscroft, as he abruptly terminated his abuse of Dick Screw, and, laughing, advanced to the assistance of the sufferers; his humanity was first exhibited upon the body of Andy, who but ill repaid his exertions, for, imagining Ravenscroft to be the person whose heedless race had caused his down-

fall, Andy addressed his deliverer with a most ungrateful salutation of oaths, for his inconsiderate conduct.

“Phi! blow you, Sir! can’t you walk straight across the barrack-yard, without knocking people down. Phi! Andrew Mervyn is nothing at all, I suppose.”

“Open your eyes, old boy,” said Ravenscroft, “it was the cornet floored you, and not I.”

Pierce, who was not long in getting on his legs, came also to the assistance of the unfortunate Andy, whose anxiety was now transferred to the stable key, for which he in vain searched all his pockets.

“Phi! blow you, Sir, I have lost the key by your d—d nonsense, running with your head in the air like an astronomer. I don’t know what you want in the yard at all, Mr. Butler, when people are minding their business. Blow

you, Sir, Mr. Mervyn can't go to see the sick horses, without being kicked about the barrack-yard like a football. Phi!"

Pierce assured the indignant Andrew that it was quite unintentional, and offered his assistance in searching for the key, which, he added, could not be far off; which was the case, for, on looking round, they found it lodged in a neighbouring puddle, from which Andrew, not without many interjections, extracted his lost property.

The cornet had experienced quite enough of the effect of interfering in the preparations for a march, and was resolved to defer the further gratification of his curiosity until dinner time: then he learned that the squadron destined for Limerick was to march the following day, under the command of the second major, Clapperton; that Flickerby's troop was to be sent to Cork, and Broil's to Clogheen; and that he, the cor-

net, being a young officer, and, consequently, requiring drill and discipline, was to march with the head-quarters division on that day week.

The following morning, therefore, Pierce was early up to witness the departure of the Limerick squadron, and saw, with much surprise, that although the baggage was ordered to march one hour before the troops, yet, what with loading and unloading, breaking of cars, and badness of tackle, the cavalcade of chests, invalids, women and children, did not leave the barrack-yard until a few minutes before the squadron paraded.

The troops for Cork and Clogheen followed after three days ; and Pierce employed the time which intervened between their departure and his own, in making such arrangements for the march as his own prudence or the wisdom of his friends suggested.

At length the eventful day arrived ; the cornet's bed, books, tea equipage, &c. had all been packed up the preceding evening, and securely fastened upon a car, which, Pat Carbine assured his master, "had an elegant host to it;" and the cornet, mounted and accoutred, paraded the yard, in anxious expectation of the hour of six and the signal of the trumpet.

By these he was soon relieved ; and falling in with Breakpeace's troop, to which he was now attached, he awaited the inspection of the major.

But an early march warred violently against Major Costiff's dietetic system, for one of the most important injunctions of its formula was, that no bodily or mental exercise should be entered upon before the gastric juice had been first excited by some solid aliment ; "thereby," used the major to say, "the morning languidity of the mind is dispelled, the natural secretions

are provoked, and the whole frame is invigorated." Unfortunately, however, for the major, his fair rib took quite an opposite view of the subject; she contended that a walk before breakfast was the road to longevity, and in descanting on the vivifying effects of

————— incense breathing morn,

never failed to add her extreme surprise at people "bolting down a quantity of cold meat and eggs just after they had got out of bed." This bitter observation was always made in allusion to her hungry husband, whose premature appetite set the house in motion at a much earlier hour in the morning than was at all agreeable to his lady; the consequence was an invariable delay in the production of hot water, toast, eggs, the key of the pantry, and such like accessories to a morning repast. More than once, indeed, the craving major, despairing

of hot water, was necessitated to calm his mind and stomach with cold small beer and pigeon-pie; or, in default of these substitutes, to attack the cheese and bread-basket. On an occasion like the present, therefore, when the major's presence on parade was required at six o'clock, and consequently his breakfast at five (for one hour between these operations he considered indispensable), it is not to be wondered at that a considerable difficulty occurred in the completion of the breakfast table.

The fact was, that Mrs. Costiff, with laudable economy, and never dreaming that her husband would think of breakfasting at so early an hour as five o'clock, had packed up the remnants of their last dinner; and out of all the food which the cupboard and pantry contained, had only preserved some thin slices of bread and butter, the relics of last night's tea, in the mastication and digestion of which,

it was her intention to beguile the way, as she followed in her carriage the march of the troops.

With a devastating hand, the enraged and ravenous major swept these slices from the top of his lady's travelling medicine chest, and cramming the whole into his capacious mouth, girded on his sword, and rushed to the parade.

The adjutant reported that "all were present," and begged to know whether it was the major's pleasure to inspect the troops. Costiff's mouth, however, was too full to admit of his reply; and shaking his head in token of dissent to the adjutant's question, he pointed to the gate-way, and in illustration of his meaning, rode out of the barrack-yard. The troops followed, headed by the band; and now burst forth a confusion of discords, such as the cornet had never yet heard. The band-master

played "Patrick's Day in the Morning;" the bassoon played "Those Evening Bells;" the two first clarionets played the march of the regiment; the hibernicon growled some stray notes of the "Freyschütz;" the big drum gave the full accompaniment to the "Dead March in Saul;" and the other instruments, with equal independence, sent forth strains alike varying in melody and measure.

The major was so deeply engaged in swallowing his own griefs, and his wife's bread and butter, that he was for some time unable to express to the adjutant his wish that this "Dutch concert" should cease; at length, impatient at the slow action of his grinders, he sent the half-masticated nutriment to take chance for digestion, and clearing his throat of its fragments, bellowed out, "Halt!"

The troops halted; but the self-satisfied musicians, never supposing that any interdict to

their operations was intended, continued to torture the sensitive ears of the major with their horrid sounds. An angry discharge was about to be levelled at Band-Master-Sergeant Blowin, when he luckily perceived the pantomimic signal of the adjutant, and taking the clarionet from his mouth, signified to his unharmonious assistants that their exertions were not further required at present.

The major, thus appeased, proceeded to inspect the band, and ascertain the cause of their discordant proceeding. He first examined the instruments—blew into some of the clarionets (for the major was himself a performer)—felt the inside of the bassoon and hibernicon through a white doe-skin glove—then directed his attention to the valises, some of which, he observed, “were strapped on crooked, and would no doubt interfere with tone and execution”—afterwards examined the

sabretashe slings, curbs, and spur-rowels—in fact, made considerable exertion to ascertain the truth, until, at length, having been totally unsuccessful, he was induced, in despair, to look in the faces of the delinquents, and for the first time discovered that Band-Master-Sergeant Blowin and his several co-operators, were all, without exception, more or less under the influence of a certain artificial excitement, which the Major in his wisdom could not then take upon himself to determine to have been beer or whisky.

One of these two liquors, however, he insisted, they had been making a too free use of; and consequently the major called out the master of the band, and delivered to him, for the benefit of himself and fellows, his usual harangue on the subject of drunkenness. Blowin denied, with sundry hiccups, the alleged charge of intoxication, as regarded himself,

from so suddenly undergoing a violent change of temperature ; and much trouble was taken, both by the merry captain and his companions, to impress upon the shivering doctor, that both the last mixture, and all other mixtures, as well as the jaunt he had just experienced from his bed to the dining-room, would ultimately prove not only of the greatest service to his constitution, by rendering him capable of undergoing the most diversified treatment, but also would qualify him in the highest degree for professional preferment, by shewing that his mental and bodily vigour were alike invincible.

Cuthbert would have given his most sanguine hopes of preferment, at this moment, for a quiet settlement between the sheets, or even between the blankets ; but Breakpeace would not let him off until, on his knees, he thanked the gentlemen present, and more particularly

Captain Breakpeace and Lieutenant Rum, for their extreme attention to his education and comforts. This being complied with, the doctor was carried back to his room by the same kind friends, and safely deposited in his long-wished for position. Johnny, however, did not depart without relieving the doctor's swallow-tailed uniform of all the front buttons, which having effected, without detection, the friends in fun separated for the night, in anticipation of a droll spectacle at morning parade.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH.

(CONTINUED.)

Norf. Arm ! arm ! my lord ———

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—caparison my horse.

“ SEE now ! see now ! ” said old Cuthbert to his servant Scammy, as the trumpets sounded “ turn out,” and he in vain endeavoured to establish unity in the front part of his new swallow-tail ; “ see now ! they have taken the buttons off my coatee, and I’ll be too late for parade entirely.”

Scammy suggested the expedient of transferring one or two of the lappel buttons to the front ; but the sergeants were already calling the troop rolls, and “ Here ! here ! ” was echoed along the line. It was plain, therefore, that no time remained for the execution of Scammy’s project : and the buttonless doctor, despairing of being able to conceal the date of his shirt’s last visit to the wash-tub, hooked together his little black sword-belt, and sallied forth.

The black belt, which on this occasion had been shortened one hole, preserved, for a few moments, the doctor’s garment in tolerable regularity ; but in his efforts to reach the stirrup, and subsequent exertions to assume a true riding-school position, the fickle belt deserted its post, and gave unlimited latitude to the mutilated front.

This *exposé* of the doctor’s linen took place

exactly in front of one of the squadrons, which was in the act of *telling off*, and had so distracting an effect upon the responses of the men, as to bring down the animadversion of Major Costiff, who, on perceiving the cause of the irregularity, sharply desired the assistant-surgeon to "go back and dress himself, and not dare to appear upon parade in that discreditable manner."

Cuthbert was going to state the cause of his inability to present a more military front, when Breakpeace whispered to him the impropriety of making any reply to the commanding-officer on parade, and recommended him to retire from the major's wrath, and await the departure of the troops—which advice the doctor followed, as also that of supplying his deficiencies in buttons with two sircingles, which being tightly strapped, one under the shoulders, and the other immediately above

the hips, served to preserve the union of the doctor's coat, though to the great inconvenience of his breathing.

Girthed in this manner, the doctor followed the march of the troops to Kilkenny. The venerable ruins of Old Leighlin, the beautiful Barrow, and the picturesque road that winds along its banks, were all passed by the doctor with insensibility. His ride was not, however, without events, for instead of joining the breakfast party at Kilkenny, where they had all agreed to take their first repast, he shrewdly dispatched a bowl of milk and a rasher of bacon at the "Royal Oak," *en passant*, and thus avoided the risk of sour tea or sweetened eggs.

The cornet, whose kind feeling would not permit him to enlist in any of the conspiracies which were formed against the doctor's peace, looked forward to more entertainment from the

present day's march, than had been hitherto afforded him by the preceding.

The celebrated town of Kilkenny had been often alluded to by his father, in detailing the wonderful scenes of his early life, and the cornet felt no small anxiety to behold the

Fire without smoke,
Air without fog,
Water without mud,
Land without bog,
And streets paved with marble.

Rather a startling contradiction of the first-mentioned phenomenon presented itself in the smoky appearance of the town, as the troops entered it; but the cornet reconciled this appearance to his mind, by assigning it to that unaccountable but prevalent insensibility to national advantages, which induces a higher estimation and undue preference of foreign productions; and he argued, that although Kilkenny was evidently a smoky town, yet the

alleged cleanliness of the coal was not thereby disproved, for no doubt the stupid inhabitants were employing English coal, totally regardless of the value of their own. These reasonings were communicated to his brother cornet, Thompson, who conceitedly lisped out his idea that "the Irish probably did not feel very comfortable without a certain portion of smoke and dirt."

Pierce felt either too indignant at this reflection on his countrymen, or too sensible of its truth, to reply, and the two cornets entered Kilkenny without either hazarding another observation. Pierce, however, was determined to ascertain the facts respecting the Kilkenny atmosphere, and hurried his breakfast considerably on that account.

Unfortunately for the cornet's inquiries, the delivery of oats took place at nearly two miles from the Tontine Hotel, where the officers

were quartered, and the cornet having to inspect that operation, was not able to commence his search after the phenomena and natural curiosities of Kilkenny until the evening, when his visits to the stables having been concluded, he resolved to devote an hour to the gratification of his wishes. Leaving the High-street therefore, he directed his steps towards the castle, the most immediate object of attraction, which, also, he felt interested in, from its having been the ancient residence of that family from whom he derived his name and lineage.

The venerable residence of the noble Ormonds stands upon a precipice, overhanging a bend of the deep and rapid Nore, along whose banks two rows of lofty elms give shade and beauty to the public walk. Before the attainder of its last duke, the castle was a spacious square; but since his time it had been gradually falling into decay, and when our hero visited the spot, two

sides only of the original building were in existence ; but, illustrious even in its dilapidated condition, the antique pile, with its verdant lawn, and rich surrounding foliage, exhibited the legible traces of magnificence long gone by, and shewed too truly that

——— Time, with his rude hand,
Had written strange defeature in its face.

Pierce entered through a lofty archway of marble, constructed in all the richness of the Corinthian order, and meeting a veteran servant, who volunteered to be his guide, proceeded to the grand gallery. Here, in an apartment of one hundred and fifty feet in length, he was shewn the whole succession of the Stuart race, that reigned in England from Charles I., inclusive, together with William III., who, the guide informed him, dined here on the march to the siege of Limerick, soon after the battle of

the Boyne. Next entering the presence chamber, he beheld, in all the gloss of newness, those finely executed tapestries, representing the Four Seasons, which have so justly excited such unqualified approbation; in another apartment, the hangings representing the story of Decius: and, what with the descriptions of the Stuarts, and the noble Roman, the cornet felt quite bewildered by the volubility of his guide.

“I’m told our castle is for all the world like Windsor, captain,” said the conductor, leading the cornet into the stable-yard; “and faith ’tis little house room they’d have there, if that’s thrue.”

The cornet had never seen Windsor Castle, nor, if he had, would any similitude between the two places have suggested itself to him. Both have a tower, a castle, and a river, certainly; but although Windsor is surrounded with all the richness of cultivation, and the embellish-

ment of country seats, and extensive foliage, yet Kilkenny is far more picturesque, and the scite of its noble castle is at once bold and beautiful.

Windsor Castle, looked at, is august and venerable ; but when you look from it, there is nothing to inspire those ideas. Not Eton's spires, nor Cooper's classic hill, can furnish such a rich variety to the painter, as the Hibernian scene. There, Nature has painted with her most correct pencil ; here, she has decked with a more careless hand. This is the fanciful and fiery sketch of a great master ; that the finished composition of a great artist. Without mountain or sea, no landscape can be perfect, for it is then deficient in the grandest attribute of sublimity.

Pierce left the castle in rather a melancholy mood, and insensibly turning into the street which led to the bridge, soon found himself at one end of the public walk. In a continued state of abstraction, he followed its windings ;

nor did he stop to consider upon what errand he was thither bent, until the projecting step of a rough stone stile supplied the question.

In truth, the cornet's thoughts were far removed from the lonely river, along whose banks he had so intently wandered. Drill, still-hunting, marching, and other professional duties, had for some time so completely usurped his time and thoughts, that the inhabitants of the Glebe had been almost forgotten ; but now, that the coincidence of the hour, the stream, the foliage, the absence of his mercurial companions, and the saddening impress of the neglected pile, had reduced the buoyancy of his youthful feeling, and drove him to himself—the early reminiscences of Susan Lovett stole imperceptibly upon his senses, until, undividedly occupying his mind, his every thought was centred in the object of his affection.

A long eighteen months had passed since the

cornet bade adieu to Ballybutler, and not once during the whole of this period had he heard a syllable of Susan Lovett. His mother had occasionally mentioned in general terms that the family at the Glebe were all well ; but there was not that particularization of individuals which the cornet would have liked. True, Mrs. Butler knew not that any one member of the Lovett family found greater favour in the eyes of her son than another, and if she had known it, would not probably have encouraged such a disposition ; still the cornet thought that there was an unnecessary reserve exhibited in his letters from home, respecting his friends at the Glebe ; and his anxiety for information redoubled as he canvassed the subject in his mind.

Pierce was the sole possessor of his own secret, the fair object of his passion not excepted—at least up to the moment of his last departure from

the Glebe; on that night, however, he had, on shaking hands with Susan, presented her with a little ornament, which, though not absolutely equivalent to a declaration of his sentiments, was yet, when united with other little incidents of look and manner, which ladies know so well how to estimate, sufficiently expressive, even to one more unsophisticated than the fair Susan, that the cornet's heart was not his own.

It should, however, in justice to the lady, be remembered, that Pierce stayed not to witness the effect produced by his parting present, but, hurrying from the Glebe, retired to speculate upon what, for his future peace of mind, he ought to have ascertained; and leaving Bally-butler the next morning, continued in that pleasing state of doubt, which prefers enjoying, by anticipation, the imaginary future, to risking the chance of disappointment by relieving uncertainty. The cornet, therefore, was in

utter ignorance of the amusement afforded to the young ladies by his hieroglyphical ring, which, by the ingenious combination of the lapis lazuli, onyx, vermillion, and emerald, expressed, in sparkling silence, the magic monosyllable "LOVE."

Susan did not unfold the paper in which this delicate expression of the cornet's sentiments was contained, until she and Eleanor had retired to their apartment; then it was that she, for the first time, felt assured of a fact which her more penetrating sister had often before stated her conviction of.

Anxious, however, to argue herself into a belief that nothing serious was intended in a case where her own heart was so little interested, she accompanied the exposure of the ring with manifold expressions of doubt and astonishment. "How very strange is it, Eleanor," said she, "that Pierce Butler should have made *me* such

a present ; I wish he had given it to *you*. What can he mean by it ? I'm sure he never shewed any particular liking for me."

"Come, Susan," replied her sister, "you know that I long since told you who Pierce Butler came to see, when he walked up so often to the Glebe ; and what he was thinking most about when I tried to keep up any conversation with him. No later than last evening, when we were all together in the avenue, admiring that beautiful full moon, as it rose through the distant trees, I asked him some trifling question, and the absent creature answered me as if his mind had been under the influence of the planet we were looking at."

"Well, I declare, Eleanor, I never could have imagined such a thing ; what could Pierce Butler see in' me to—Well, I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."

"Are you so sure of that, Susan ? Take

care. If I recollect right, you did not appear *very much displeased* with all the woodbine and wild roses which he gathered for you the other evening."

"Oh, Eleanor," said the conscious Susan, blushing deeply, "how can you bring up such trifles against me. That was all play. Pierce was just amusing himself by trying how much longer his flowers would bear shaking than mine."

"Very well, Susan, I see you won't be found guilty; but recollect, 'what is play to some, is death to others,' as the moral in our fable book used to teach us."

Thus was the poor cornet's long evident affection disclaimed by the object of it; and the two sisters talked themselves to sleep in mutual justification of their respective opinions.

With this little incident of the ring, and the subsequent closet converse of the young ladies,

it was necessary to make the reader acquainted, in order that the chaos of the cornet's mind, whenever a pensive scene, or the absence of external excitement, led his thoughts towards absent friends, might be satisfactorily accounted for. "If Susan loves me," thought he, as he retraced his steps along the now dark walks, "'tis strange that no kind message, no inquiry, no acknowledgment, even for the ring, should ever have been made by her, and if she does not—"

A loud shouting, which seemed to proceed from the top of the rock on which the castle stood, now reached the cornet's ears, and put an end to his reverie; on a nearer approach he found it was intended for an expression of applause, addressed to some favoured singer, who, as well as he could judge from the distance, was entertaining a group of persons in front of the ruins; not a little curious to hear some part

of the strain, which seemed to afford so much pleasure, he drew nearer to the base of the rock, and was gratified with the following sentimental effusion, roared out in a hoarse man's voice—

Oh, her eyes are as dark as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my heart that have burned a big hole !
Her breast as its waters, as fair and as pure,
But her heart is as hard as its marble I'm sure.

“The very subjects about which I was so anxious to get information,” said Pierce ; “and perhaps this man may satisfy my inquiries ;” so, without further consideration, he left the bank of the river, and quickly regaining the High-street, soon found himself again at the castle gate ; just as he was passing under the massive archway, the same voice saluted his ear, with

Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

“Success, Larry !” and a loud shout of

approbation followed this original simile. Pierce continued to advance until he came in sight of a motley group of men, women, and children, who, reclining in various positions upon those parts of the ruins which commanded a view of the river and the college grounds, on the opposite bank, appeared to be enjoying the cool evening air, and the singer's melody. The cornet thought he could not better introduce himself to this mixed *soirée* than by adding his meed of applause to that of the audience, and stepping up to the person whose self-satisfied air announced him to be the favoured "Larry," he complimented him with more politeness than sincerity, upon his vocal powers, and begged to know the name of the song whose words and melody had attracted his attention.

Larry was not disposed to quarrel with this additional homage paid to his performance, and

in answer to the cornet's question, replied, with much quickness,

“Arrah ! is it the name o’ the song your honour manes ? sure ’tis

The boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And they take great delight in courting young maids;
They kiss them, they coax them, they spend their money free—
Of all the towns in old Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

“Bravo, Larry !” said Pierce. “The Boys of Kilkenny is indeed an excellent song, and I must get the music of it for our band ; but tell me, Larry, for you seem to have a good deal of local information, can you give me any account of this extraordinary coal, marble, and water, about which I have heard so much, and which one verse of your song alluded to ?”

Larry replied.

Fire without smoke,
Air without fog,

Water with mud,
Land without bog,
And streets paved with marble.

“ And that’s all myself knows about it, your honour ; but if I can’t tell ye, may be there’s one here that can;” and pointing to an old yellow-faced woman, who sat smoking a short pipe, almost hid in a dark corner of the ruins, “ Biddy a vourneen,” said he, “ tell the officer how we come by the coal and marvil.”

“ What’s that, Larry ?” replied the person addressed, taking the “doudeen” from her mouth, and evincing no great power of hearing.

“ Tell the officer some of the wanders,” said the singer.

Larry motioned to the cornet to sit down by the deaf old dame, and Pierce, obeying the signal, expressed his anxiety to be enlightened by her information.

The old lady, who, in consequence of her defective organ, had completely mistaken Lar-

ry's request, and the service which was required of her, clearing the passage for a long story, and shaking the embers out of her pipe, against her thumb nail, addressed Pierce with all the confidence of a narrator who had been often called upon, and, without further preface, began.

“ You must know, then, my young mather, that she lived a long time in this very town, and by the same token, 'tis myself should have good larnin' of her, for many's the time, late and early, poor Judy, that's the ould duke's foster-sisther what was, God rest her sowl! would come over to our cabin, afther clanin' up the plates and dishes afther the quality at the Castle, just for all the world such an evening as this, and makin' herself comfortable at our door, out of the smoke, you see, she'd stop *cooherin'* and collouging with me, may be till

dark night. Och, 'twas then poor Biddy hadn't to be lookin' afther bit and sup, but lashins and lavins from the big missia at the Castle, and good words from her own self with it, God bless her !"

"Then you heard the account of all these wonders from Judy," said Pierce, who began to get rather impatient at the old lady's exordium.

"Troth, an' you may say that, masher," replied the dame, "an' who but Judy had a betther warrant? sure wasn't she herself the Lord's own foster-sister; and no one in these parts ever comed near him in larnin' any how."

"But she told you," again interrupted Pierce, rather fidgetty.

"Ah, 'twas she that did, masher, every inch of her—but stop 'till I tell you, and, betuxt us, I'm no ways forward with it in these times, for

the omadhouns about have no sinse to believe it, half of them—God forgive 'em. Well, as I was tellin' on you, she lived up convenient to St. Francis's Abbey, that's now convarted, as they call it, into a barrack for horse sougers, God help 'em!—an' sure 'twas there that she, ould Alice Kittel herself, would be sweepin' up with her beesom from mornin' till night, right opposite the door of her own son, Bill Utlaw, and jaculatin, as all the world might hear,

Unto the door of William my son
Fly all the wealth of Kilkenny town,

and sure enough the money come; but sigas by she was brought up afore the Bishop of Ossory for this devilish way of serapin' of it up; an' it was proved upon her, an' more too—for what should come out, but that the nasty unnatural baste took up with another divil like herself, only a he-divil—Robert Artysson by name;

and what should she do but make, as a body may say, devotion to this Robyn, at the cross on the road to Callan yonder ; and what do you think she offered up to him, the low minded prostitute, God forgive her ?”

Pierce shook his head in token of inability to guess what might have been the offering of Dame Alice Kettvill, whose history, so interwoven with that of Kilkenny, he now perceived, to his utter disappointment, that the old lady was engaged in.

“Faith then you never would guess it,” continued the narrator, “for what should it be but nine red cocks, as thrue as I sit here, and that at the stone bridge hard by the cross. Well, as I was sayin’, the bishop had her up for this, and the likes of it ; but that didn’t stop her, for herself and one Parnill of Meath, and his daughter, Basilia, who were, as it might be, all of the same party, you see, were all soon

after impached for sorcerie and witchcraft, as they called it, an' Parnill was burnt here, in this very town ; an' what should come out from the crature before she went, than that Bill Utlaw, that's him they sweeped, for wore on his bare bodie, for a year an' a day, the livery of the divil himself, which no doubt was the rason of the luck he had with the scrapin'. But not the laste did Parnill's warning throuble the ould one, for she went on with her thricks as bad as ever, laughin' at 'em all as she rode through the air on her coulthree."

The cornet now felt himself sufficiently interested in the history of Dame Alice Kettyll, the particulars of which he had never before heard, to interrupt the old lady, by asking her the meaning of coulthree, to which she replied,

"Ah, then, is it the coulthree; sure 'twas

grazin' that same that exposed her entirely, for when the minister of St. Patrick's made 'em sarch her house, what should they find but a big stick, as it might be for a sweepin' brish, an' close along side of it on the dresser, a small box, lookin' for all the world as if nothin' at all was in it; but when they cum to look, faith 'twas this was the grase box for her ridin' horse, and it seems that she grased the big stick with the inside of it every night for fear she'd fall off."

Pierce could scarcely repress a laugh at this description of the witch's stud and appointments; but, wishing to hear the whole history, asked whether any other signs of Dame Alice's trade had been discovered.

"You may say that," continued the old lady; "the worst of all is to be tould yet: an' it frightens one almost to think of it at this hour

of the night, let alone the tellin' of it. Och ! sure they found in the dthrawer of the dthresser, a cake, for all the world like a holy wafer ; but —oh ! the heretic !—what name do you think was upon it ? Och !”—and here the old lady appeared to be quite affected by the important nature of her approaching disclosure.

3 “ What name ? ” anxiously inquired the cornet, stooping to catch more readily the expected communication.

“ Och !—God forgive me !—the name of the ould boy himself, and that in big letters,” replied the narrator ; and shaking with the apprehension which her own story had created in her mind, turned round, as if dreading that she might have encountered the possessor of the name which caused her such agitation.

The old lady had, however, no cause for alarm, and her nervousness was soon dispelled by the cornet's liberal donation in return for

her long story; and having also given Larry "something to drink," he returned to the Tontine, still unenlightened concerning the smoke and marble.

CHAPTER IX.

BAGGAGE GUARD.

I'll not march through Coventry with 'em, that's flat.

SHAKESPEARE.

“ISN'T it a most extraordinary thing, Andy,” said Pierce to the veterinary, as they met the next morning at Callen, where the troops halted, “that those stupid dolts at Kilkenny know nothing about their own town; not one of them could give me any explanation of that old distich, about marble and smoke, bog and fog; I suppose you remember the lines—

Fire without smoke—

The cornet was beginning to quote, when Andrew abruptly interrupted him with a "Phi! all humbug, my good Sir; don't believe a word of it; the Kilkenny coal is only fit for drying malt; great lumps of red-hot iron, Sir, just like Scotch coal for all the world; there's no smoke to be sure, but nobody would think of using it, unless they wanted to be stifled, Sir—to be stifled, Sir. Give me the old Newcastle, and none of your b——d kiln-drying, Kilkenny stifling stuff; besides, it isn't Kilkenny coal after all, but Castle-comber coal—Lord Wandesford's estate, Sir, nine miles north of Kilkenny—'tis there are the mines, and a good ten thousand a-year he makes by them—ten thousand a-year, Sir, every penny of it."

"But the marble streets, Andy," said the cornet, "is that true?"

"D'ye hear him, Sir," cried Andy, referring himself to the rest of the officers, who were at the

breakfast table, "asking me what he could see with his own eyes; has Andrew Mervyn nothing to do, Sir, but to be looking upon the ground for Mr. Butler, Sir? Andrew Mervyn must know every thing, and do every thing; it's Mr. Mervyn here, Mr. Mervyn there, and Mr. Mervyn everywhere."

Andrew was evidently not informed upon the subject of Pierce's inquiry, and parried to evade the question; the waiter, however, relieved our hero's mind, by stating that there were marble quarries near Kilkenny, and pointing to the black and white chimney piece of the room in which they were seated, said that was a fair specimen of the description. The waiter further stated, that he could not vouch for the absence of fog and mud; and as to bog, it always puzzled him, for although the ground was high and dry about Kilkenny, yet when he was a helper at the Tontine livery-stables, the horses

came home from the hunt for all the world as if they had been up to their bellies in bog ; “ but,” added he, by way of consolation to the cornet, “ your honours will see bog enough before ye gets to Cahir.”

Pierce found the little town of Callan to possess much interest, and wandered about among its dilapidated castles, in the full enjoyment of his romantic feelings. On such occasions, Pierce seldom sought for a companion ; a consciousness that few, if any, of his brothers in arms, derived that pleasure from the contemplation of picturesque scenery that he did, naturally prevented him from soliciting their company in his rambles : and even when, from a want of occupation, some idler, unasked, volunteered his society, the cornet generally found, in his companion, no real sensibility to the beauties of that nature for which a mechanical expression of admiration was uttered : and a walk, commencing with ex-

travagant eulogies of the picturesque, commonly terminated in the substitution of horses and hounds, for the more refined subjects of the sublime and beautiful.

Hence was Pierce induced to steal from the "busy hum," which was generally heard about the inn door, when the duties of the day were over, and taking his sketch-book, would court the lonely beauties of the surrounding scene, and all the early associations with which, in his mind, a solitary ramble was ever attended.

Callan was a happy subject, both for the cornet's contemplation and pencil; beautifully enclosed between two branches of the King's river, which, dividing above the town, runs under two simple bridges, into reunion, below it—adorned also with the interesting ruins of three castles, and an old gothic church—it contains a degree of picturesque beauty that is, perhaps, rarely met with in so small a compass.

Pieroe bent his steps in the direction of the river, and was not long in selecting the ruined castle, on the opposite bank, as an object for delineation.

He had just finished sketching all that the rapacious Cromwell had left of this once powerful fortress, when a gentlemanly-looking elderly person, in fishing costume, accosted him by remarking on the beauty of the scene which had engaged the cornet's pencil, and added, "that the river, on whose banks they stood, was well worthy of the royal name it bore."

Pieroe assented to the observation, and suggested the probability of the name having been conferred by some one of the ancient monarchs of Ireland; "but," said he, addressing a look of inquiry to the stranger, "you, Sir, are, perhaps, better informed upon the subject."

"Why, Sir, I do happen to know the absolute origin of the title," replied the Piscator,

“and there is a longer story attached to it, than you are probably aware of.”

The cornet looked all attention, and the stranger, evidently anxious to display his local knowledge, went on without farther encouragement.

“You must know, Sir, that Niall, a king of the race of Heremon, came, in ancient times, with a great retinue of horse, to the borders of this river, in order to ford to the other side; the waters were rapid, in consequence of a flood, and the first man that rode in to try the passage, was hurried down the stream with such violence, that he was given over for lost, which the king seeing, ordered those of his attendants that were well mounted to plunge in and rescue him; but the cowardly fellows wanted spunk, and shuddering at the danger of the stream, were afraid to venture. Well, the good-natured king Niall observed this, and went him-

self to look out for some convenient place where he might ride across; and finding one, as he thought, fit for his purpose, was preparing to jump in, when, all of a sudden, the bank, which had been undermined by the violence of the torrent, broke down under his horse's feet, and the unfortunate king lost his life in his kind efforts to save one of his subjects. This fell out in about the year eight hundred and fifty-nine, and ever since the stream has gone by the name of the King's river."

Pierce thanked the stranger for this short account, which he said gave him a still greater interest in the surrounding scenery, and excited in his mind a curiosity to be further informed of those romantic details, which, he was sure, must be connected with so ancient a place.

"You are right, Sir," replied the stranger; "there is much to be told about Callan and its

early inhabitants, and as you seem pleased with my prosing, I shall be most happy to give you all the information that I possess on the subject ; but suppose we walk towards Cromwell's battery, which, perhaps, you have not yet visited : it is in my way home, and by the way I will relate to you what, as a military man, you may take some interest in."

The cornet assented, and shutting his sketch-book, walked slowly by the stranger's side, who thus continued—

"In the year 1407, in the reign of Henry IV., there was a terrible battle fought in this place between the Irish rebels, as they called them, and the English ; and, after a hard struggle for victory, the Irish were entirely defeated. Now, it is asserted by some of our historians (but I don't mean to say that I believe it), that this defeat was all owing to the sun having stood still while the English forces marched six miles,

which miraculous circumstance one of our poets has thus celebrated—

At Callan, 'tis said, the sun it stood still,
To see the bold English the Irishmen kill :
But when the rebellious were put to the route,
He lash'd up his steeds, and whipp'd him about,
Then gallopp'd amain to regain the time lost,
And came in the nick to his westerly post.

They had now arrived at the foot of a large mound or conical hill, which the stranger pointed out to Pierce as being the place where Cromwell is said to have planted his battery, and destroyed the town, "although, for my part," he added, "it appears to me very like a Danish entrenchment." Here his guide took leave, and the cornet proceeded to the summit of the mound by a precipitous path, but was fully compensated for his labour by the beautiful and extensive view which its height and position afforded him.

Having feasted his sight for some time with

this delightful scene of river, castles, and town, over which the mountain of Slive-ne-man presided, he descended ; and it now being near six o'clock, sought, at the inn, a feast of a different description, consisting of boiled mutton, chickens, and bacon, to do justice to which the breeze on the top of the battery mound had well qualified him.

The next day's march was to be the last, and the cornet was destined for the command of the baggage guard, a situation, as he soon found, by no means a sinecure. In order to ensure regularity on entering their new quarters of Cahir, the major had ordered Cornet Butler and the baggage to start at four o'clock, a. m. ; and Pierce was kept awake half the night from the anxiety of not being ready in time. After, however, hearing two and three strike, he rose at the next sound of the clock, and hastened to the market-place, from whence the baggage was to proceed ; but no symptoms of movement

were there, save what was evinced by one solitary sentry, who was keeping watch over the loaded cars and his sleeping comrades.

The cornet felt the dignity of his command dreadfully outraged by the inertness on the part of the drivers and baggage guard; and taking the sentry with him, he proceeded to seek the defaulters in their several quarters.

To find where these were situated was no easy matter; for the sentry being a bachelor, and consequently not having a wife to send off with the baggage, was not interested enough in the business to inform himself where the carmen slept, and the cornet was therefore obliged to traverse the town, and knock at all the doors on speculation of finding the right one. Having broken the morning slumbers of several of the worthy inhabitants of Callan, both male and female, from both of whom they met with most ungracious receptions, the cornet and his assis-

tant at length hit upon the hay-loft, in which the whole of the drivers lay huddled together ; and having routed them out of their sociable positions, proceeded to collect the guard.

Whether the Callan whisky was of more than ordinary strength, or that a larger portion than usual had been employed in drinking "good by" to the march which was just about to terminate, the cornet did not stop to ascertain ; it was, however, evident to him, that from one or other of these causes, the trusty guardians of the baggage, as they stole out of their billets by ones and twos, were any thing but fit for duty. Pierce hesitated at first whether or not he would report their conduct, and apply for a "relief ;" but his good nature prevailed over his sense of what was due to military discipline ; and calculating that they would become sober *en route*, he hurried the preparations for departure, and succeeded in

getting the cavalcade out of Callan before the confusion and delay could be observed by the major.

The direct road to Cahir, through Fethard, by which the troops were to march, was declared by the carmen to be "fit to kill their horses;" and the baggage was accordingly suffered to go round by Clonmel, which route was full five miles longer than that by Fethard.

A drizzling mist had been followed by a regular fall of rain, accompanied by a strong south-west wind, and Pat Carbine, as he tucked the cloak under his master's knees, observed, that "he thought it would be wet." Pierce felt that there was not much judgment risked in this conjecture, and not anticipating a very pleasurable ride, followed the slow progress of the cars out of the town.

The hurry and confusion attendant upon the departure of the baggage prevented a due

examination of the different loads, and the consequence was, that many of the chests, crates, &c. were suffered to remain in the same unsteady positions in which the jolting of the previous day's march had placed them ; among the articles most in jeopardy, was a hamper, containing the major's crockery, which although, for the most part, consisting of the unassuming and economical blue and white pattern, yet possessed among these three green and gold breakfast cups, saucers, and plates, which Mrs. Costiff set a high value on ; indeed the major's affections were also much engaged in the same cause, for exclusive of the evident application of one of the cups to his morning coffee, another, and by far the largest, of the three, was destined to contain that tonic, laxative, or astringent, upon which his day's happiness not unfrequently depended ; this favoured vessel always occupied a conspicuous place on the

major's dressing-table, so that if a sudden emergency, in the case of the gentleman or lady, either by day or night, called for its uses, he could at once lay his hand upon the cup, and expedite the intended operations.

The green and gold cup, therefore, being objects of such interest both to the major and his lady, it is natural to suppose that much attention was paid to the packing of them in the hamper, and Mrs. Costiff rather prided herself upon the manner in which she had diversified their respective destinies, by mixing them at various distances among the blue and white, thus obviating, as she argued, the possibility of all alike suffering, "and if," said the affectionate lady to her loving husband, "your medicine cup, my dear, arrives safe, I'm sure I shall be quite reconciled to any accident that may befall the rest."

There was less disinterested feeling, however, in this speech, than may appear at first sight, for although Mrs. Costiff, to do her justice, generally supported her system by the more concentrated applications of pills and powders, yet dilutions and decoctions were also had recourse to; and not unfrequently, when her lord's absence at a parade or field-day gave her undisputed possession of the quarters which they occupied, she would bolt the outer door, and indulge herself with a seidlitz.

When, therefore, Mrs. Costiff, as she presided over the packing of the hamper, previous to leaving Philipstown, expressed thus the interest which she felt in the preservation of the large green and gold cup, it is not to be supposed that the major's happiness was the sole object of her thoughts.

The stability of the baggage, as has been stated, was not ascertained on the morning of

the cornet's command, out of Callan, or it would have been discovered, that the major's hamper, which, to avoid the charge for extra weight, was placed on the cornet's car, and surmounted his chests, was by no means well secured. Mrs. Carbine, also, who with much sagacity had found that the hamper afforded her a much softer seat than either of the cornet's chests, was with her child, seated upon it, and thus was the already perilously situated crockery additionally endangered; the carmen, however, cried "never fear!" the staggering sentry who accompanied the car, said "It would do well enough!" and poor Mrs. Carbine, contrary to the evidence of her own senses, was cheated into a belief that there was no danger.

But the result proved the contrary, for scarcely had the cavalcade arrived within sight of the Nine-mile house, and all were in full

anticipation of the comfortable breakfast which they hoped it would afford them, when the wooden axle of the car on which the cornet's baggage was placed, broke suddenly; the wheel rolled into the ditch, the vehicle came on its side, the unsecured hamper slid from its elevated position, and falling on its side to the ground with a portentous crash, deposited on the ground, first Mrs. Carbine and her charge, and afterwards its varied contents of ware and china. Plates, dishes, cups, butter-boats, followed the wheel and each other in quick succession, until the ditch, which happened to be a wet one, soon displayed a most animated mass of floating and fractured crockery. Here swam a decapitated dish cover—there a one-handled soup tureen—now, an ignoble white kitchen plate struck with merciless velocity against a cherished breakfast cup, which seeking refuge along the margin of a fish strainer, was dashed

to atoms against an inexorable washing basin ; thus the delicate green and gold, vainly endeavouring to avoid destruction, were buffeted about among their more powerful companions in misfortune, and yielding to the superior firmness of the less costly material, covered the muddy element with their fragments. With the exception of two plates, the whole of this valued and valuable service was either totally destroyed or irremediably disfigured ; among the latter, was the important medicine cup, which, we are grieved to say, received a triangular fracture in the side, and was entirely deprived of its handle.

“ Ach ! blood an’ ouns ! the major’s chay-nee ! ” cried Pat Kilcock, who happened to be upon the baggage guard. “ Bee J——s, the missis ill be bothered for her tay, now, entirely, let alone the docther’s stuff, which, they say, she takes such a dale of. Whisht ! by the powers

if the goulden cups and saucers isn't all broke to smithereens!" and Pat's energy appeared so to increase with the destruction of the china, that it was difficult to make out whether his expressions denoted joy or grief.

The cornet put an end to Pat's ejaculations, by ordering him to assist in collecting the floating fragments; and the rest of the guard being by this time somewhat sober, the hamper was soon repacked; but re-establishing the broken axle was no such simple manner, particularly as the nearest wheelwright lived more than a mile off; a general halt, therefore, took place, and a gossoon having been dispatched for the artificer, the cornet rode on to the Nine-mile house, a solitary inn, situated about half a mile in advance, intending to solace himself with a comfortable breakfast, *en attendant* the restoration of the injured vehicle.

Before the establishment of coaches and

caravans, the Nine-mile house was an inn of some celebrity: situated mid-way between Clonmel and Kilkenny, it was the customary station for changing horses between those towns, and became the natural resting place for the traveller on horseback, or the more humble pedestrian, whose business or pleasure led him to journey in that direction.

Of late years, however, at least since the establishment of mail coaches by Mr. Anderson, this once-famed concern gradually lost its business, and consequently its celebrity; travellers, who formerly hired a coach and pair, and, previously making their wills, undertook the then serious ten days' journey from Cork to Dublin, and with due consideration for the landlord's interests, drank deep into the claret of their several hosts, now, seated in the mail, rolled smoothly over the same distance in four-and-twenty hours, to the utter destruction of

innkeepers, turnpike-men, and waiters; horsemen, who rode into the stable-yards when the dusk of the evening brought their nursery-stories of mountains and robbers to their recollection, and brought to the joyful landlord the double advantages of "man and baste," now flew by one of six outsides; and if, while horses are changing, a glass of the *native*, or a pint of porter and a cracker were called for, it was as much as the innkeeper could expect. The pedestrian, too, whose wet shoes were welcomed in the kitchen, and who, throwing down his wallet, squeezed himself far under the ample chimney, and called for both "vitells and dthrink," now found that it cost him less in shoe leather, time, and travelling charges, to "get a lift on the caravan," and seldom gave "mine host" an opportunity of receiving payment for "dthry lodgin."

Thus were the travellers benefited, and the

landlords injured, more especially those whose business depended upon the supplying of post horses ; and among the many sufferers from the change of times, on the road from Cork to Dublin, the proprietor of the Nine-mile house had been conspicuous.

“ *Non sum qualis eram,*” he might well have adopted as a motto, for when the cornet rode up to the door, the appearances were most discouraging, and as little indicative of comfort as could be well imagined ; indeed there was small sign of animation about the building. Although past nine o’clock, the door had not yet been opened, the shutters were closed, the dirt and wet straw of the preceding day covered the steps, and there was nothing whatever to indicate that the proprietor was dependent upon the public for his own support, and that of a large family. In fact, had not the inscription on a narrow ledge above the door-way, given the

cornet to understand that, "Daniel O'Dwyer Purcel was licensed to sell porter with spirits," he would have altogether disbelieved the assurances which he had received, that the house at which he stopped was one of "entertainment."

The inscription, however, gave him hopes—and striking that part of the door which was once occupied by a knocker, with the end of his sword scabbard, he endeavoured to inform the inhabitants that a customer had arrived; but this was an event which occurred too rarely to be readily believed, and the cornet's sword was applied full six times, exclusive of sundry kicks and accompanying holloas, before a tattered mob cap, covering a dirty female head, protruded from a broken pane of glass in the second story, and the wearer not very good humouredly demanded, "vhat's vanting?"

Pierce expressed his anxiety to have breakfast, and dry his clothes, adding that "he

should feel obliged by his wants being immediately attended to, as he was pressed for time."

"Never fear, you shall have it in a hurry, captain," replied the voice from the broken pane, and the cap vanishing from the window, Pierce soon heard the wished for operations on the lock, preceded, however, by a call for "Mic," who presented himself, at the now opened door, in the person of a thin legged, greasy haired waiter.

"Your honour's welcome to the Nine-mile-house, captain," said the overjoyed Mic, stretching out his arms, as if he would embrace both horse and horseman. "Sure if I thought it was a rap in airnest I'd have been down immediately."

This was an allusion to a trick which the neighbouring boys were in the habit of playing on the waiter, by knocking at the hall door and running away—thus disappointing Mic's hopes

of custom and tenpennies. In this case, however, poor Mic was most agreeably surprised, and his joy was evinced in the most extravagant greeting of words and actions; but the cornet required some more solid reception, and eagerly asked about fire and breakfast, adding that he was both wet and hungry—therefore, said he, “Mic, my boy, shew me into the kitchen, and let me have a good warm at the fire while you are getting breakfast.” “Och! captain—the deuce a red cinder is in the big grate yet, and more’s the shame for Judy. Judy—is it lighting the fire ye are at all?”—and Mic, in evident distress at his inability to meet the cornet’s wishes, endeavoured to throw the onus of preparation upon his coadjutor.

“Och! don’t bother us,” cried the lady of the cap, as she blew a few red sticks into a blaze, “if you wasn’t so handy wid the dhrink may

be you'd be up airly yourself," and she continued to puff at the incipient fire.

Mic judged it prudent not to reply to this insinuation, and helping the cornet to get rid of his dripping cloak, proceeded to wash the relics of whisky punch out of a broken tea-cup, and lay a table cloth, which looked to Pierce as if it also had been used for more purposes than one. However, this was no time to be impeded by trifles ; and Judy's exertions having succeeded in making the water boil, Pierce at length saw some prospect of at least escaping starvation—for, uninviting as the tea and table cloth proved, a plentiful supply of fresh eggs, butter, cream, and hung beef, enabled him to make out a very tolerable breakfast ; and, after cheering Mic and Judy with a donation they had long been unaccustomed to, he returned to inquire into the progress which had been made in the repairs of the broken axle.

Pierce found that the job was nearly completed, and soon after his appearance the cavalcade again moved on towards Clonmel. Mrs. Carbine had luckily escaped with only a slight scratch on her arm ; but, profiting by dear-bought experience, she did not again seek repose on the major's hamper, but contented herself with the top of one of the cornet's chests.

So much delay had been occasioned by the mending of the car, that it was past four o'clock when they reached Clonmel, and here the carmen insisted upon resting themselves and horses. Pierce commanded, expostulated, swore, declared that they would be benighted ; but all to no purpose. The drivers halted in the middle of the town, and burying their horses noses in small bags of oats, with which they were provided, they unanimously absconded into the neighbouring public houses. The cornet had no help for it : so, putting up his horse at the

“Great Globe,” endeavoured to amuse himself with the knuckle end of a cold leg of mutton, which, after the waiter declaring he could have any thing he wished, was the only food that could be produced. The cornet then paced the four cross streets of the antient town, and the carmen and horses, having by this time finished the limited provision which they allowed themselves and horses—men, women, and children, were again assembled—cords fastened, and belly bands tightened, and the baggage proceeded on its way to Cahir.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAVELLER.

Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown.

SHERIDAN.

THE town of Cahir (pronounced *Care*) is beautifully situated on the east bank of the river Suire, whose rapid waters, passing under a handsome stone bridge, which unites the main road from Dublin to Cork, as well as that from Waterford to Limerick, divides the picturesque demesne of the Earl of Glengall; and, after skirting many a hanging wood, valley green,

princely seat, and venerable pile, unites with the unruffled Nore and gentler Barrow, in forming the spacious bay and harbour of Waterford.

The faint image of a watery moon was reflected in the stream, as the tired and dejected cornet followed the creeping baggage carts across the bridge, insensible to any thing but fatigue. What though the old and ivy-covered castle, once the residence of that branch of the Butler family to whom the town of Cahir gave the title of baron, frowned in all the dignity of midnight shadow upon his left; what though the scattered ruins of Cahir Abbey gleamed in the misty moonlight upon the opposite bank, and the castellated Bridewell stood high in the distance, the exhausted cornet heeded not their beauties. Castle, stream, and tower, were all alike to him uninteresting; and the first objects which produced a satisfactory exclamation from

his lips were the high stone wall and accompanying gates, which denoted the entrance to the cavalry barrack.

A good night's rest, however, completely restored our hero to his usual cheerfulness; and after his barrack-room had been washed, his bed set up, and the mess established, he began to think that Cahir might prove a tolerable quarter.

The cornet's letters of introduction in the neighbourhood also served to confirm this opinion, as they began to take effect. The first symptom of this appeared in the shape of a large gilt-edged card from Mr. and Mrs. Macraith, of Galtee Lodge, who requested that the cornet would honour them with his company to dinner, at a small family party. With this invitation the cornet readily complied; and Breakpeace having been invited for the same day, Mr. Doulahan, of the head inn, was

ordered to provide one of his best Travellers for the occasion. It should be premised, that the carriages called Travellers, then used by the Cahir gentry, were miniature coaches, on two wheels, drawn by one horse; the body of the Traveller was painted similarly to the larger conveyance, of which it was an humble imitation, and from having a mock door and real handle on each side, presented an appearance of the entrance being similarly situated to that of a coach; but this appearance was altogether deceptive, for the real entrance to the Traveller was from the back, and more than one stranger to its construction has narrowly escaped a somersault by the sudden opening of the door at a part against which he leaned, with unthinking confidence. Galtee Lodge being five Irish miles from Cahir, and the road none of the best, Mr. Doulahan was cautioned to have the Traveller at Breakpeace's quarters precisely at five o'clock,

and soon after that hour the captain and cornet took their seats, and were driven out of the barrack yard at a pace which gave promise of a rapid journey ; but scarcely had they gained the Clogheen road, and turning to the right, were proceeding along the wall of Kilcommon Park, when their charioteer suddenly reduced the pace of his steed ; and although the rising ground was scarcely perceptible, left the driving-seat, and commenced walking by the horse's side. Breakpeace did not at all understand this manœuvre, and putting his head out out of the window, inquired of the driver, with some warmth, " what he meant by leaving his box, and going at so slow a rate ?"

" Why then," said Pat, with evident commiseration for the ignorance which prompted such an inquiry, " isn't it aisin' the baste up the hill I am, and keepin' the throt for the avenue ?"

This two-fold consideration, both for the feelings of the horse and his burthen, was too original not to excite the laughter of both passengers, and for some time Pat's walk was uninterrupted; but the little ascent having been surmounted, both captain and cornet agreed that the anticipation of a trot in the avenue could not compensate for the snail's pace at which they were now going; and, hallooing to the driver, who, with the most perfect indifference to his charge, was seen leaning with both elbows on a low stone wall, fronting the cabin of a friend, who had just appeared to enjoy a passing gossip with Pat, they insisted upon his resuming his seat, and anticipating the avenue trot by at once commencing upon it.

“ Ah! then, gintlemin,” cried Pat, in a supplicating tone, “ be said by me, an’ don’t yees press the baste now; an’ let us go up to the house ilegant.”

“ Drive on, and be hanged to you !” said Breakpeace.

“ What’s that, captain ?” replied Pat, who dropped the reins he had just resumed, and came to the window with an affectation of not having heard what was so loudly addressed to him.

“ Get up, Sir, and drive on, or I shall take the reins myself.”

“ Oh, very well, captain, if you won’t be said by me :” and Pat finding his argument unavailing, at length mounted the driving-seat, and commenced operating upon the croup of Mr. Doulahan’s thin-sided mare, with the but-end of a whip, which appeared to have formerly made part of a flail handle.

This operation was well known to the mare as indicative of Pat’s wishes for the increase of her pace, and accordingly her stiffened joints

were put into more active motion, which was now aided by a descent in the road, which, turning to the left, led towards the river.

Here new difficulties awaited the travellers, for of the three ways by which Galtee Lodge could be approached, namely, that by the bridge of Cahir, the ford immediately opposite the house, and that at the brink of which they had arrived, the latter was decidedly the worst; in fact, Kilcommon ford was scarcely ever attempted except by horsemen, and by them only in the driest weather; for the depth of the Suire at this place, and a rocky and uneven bottom, added to the natural rapidity of the river, rendered the passage extremely dangerous; the approach from the barracks to the lodge, however, by this road, was shorter than by any of the others, and Pat had selected it in pure consideration for the old mare's interest,

never calculating upon the flood in the river, and the probable consequence of the mare being out of her depth in the middle of the stream.

The cornet eyed the muddy froth of the stream with no very pleasurable sensations, when Pat checking the old mare's attempt to get a mouthful of water, applied the flail handle between her ears, and encouraged her to advance. Breakpeace also, who, though a determined *piscator*, and a fellow who would walk up to his waistcoat pockets in water to ensure the rise of a trout, felt no ambition to be carried down the Suire in a Cahir Traveller, and calling to Pat, asked, with some anxiety, "whether he was sure that the river was fordable?"

"Och, never fear; captain, but I'll take yees as dthry as a turf," was the confident reply of the driver.

"By G—d it must be a *wet* turf then," said

Breakpeace, as the old mare stumbled among the rocks, and the crazy Traveller rolling to one side, splashed the water in at the open window.

“Another such a lurch,” said Breakpeace, “and we shall have a regular shower bath of it,” and pulling up the window, he began to rub the wet off his new aiguillette.

Not much time, however, was allowed the captain for burnishing his silver lace; for scarcely had he made one application of his silk handkerchief to the damaged ornament, when his operation was interrupted by the cornet's “holloa!” and the rapid entrance of water in the rear of the vehicle soon shewed him the well-founded cause of his subaltern's ejaculation. Up went the fixed spurs and well-polished boots on the cushions, but not before the cornet, whose presence of mind was not

equal to that of his captain, had suffered the lustre of his blacking to be considerably dimmed by the presence of the invading stream.

• The machine was now literally afloat, and the old mare, alternately swimming and scrambling, made violent efforts to resist the wilfulness of the torrent, which seemed determined to carry in its course every thing that had temerity enough to resist its current; but notwithstanding the exertions of the mare, the loud encouragement of Pat, and his repeated application of the flail-handled whip, the stream was victorious, and the old mare was borne off her legs, and, together with her load, was hurried down the river at the rate of at least ten knots an hour. Luckily Pat mustered courage enough to keep his seat, and also the reins, which supporting the mare's head above water, enabled her to swim with the current. The rectangular position which the inside passengers had as-

sumed, preserved their finery from further wet ; and although in awful anticipation of a watery grave, they had yet suffered no personal injury ; horse and traveller floated along, "*tutus in undis*.". Pat, with all the dignity of the ocean god,

Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ,

wanted but a trident to make him a perfect Neptune ; the flail-handled whip, however, was more characteristic of his calling, and if laughter could have been justified on such an occasion, Pat's gravity, as over his right shoulder he held the now passive instrument of chastisement, while with the other he anxiously compressed the tightened reins, would certainly have called it forth.

The other ford, which has been before alluded to, as being situated immediately opposite to Galtee Lodge, was about one mile lower down

the river ; and towards this spot the floating party fast approached. Near the landing-place, on the lodge side, Mr. Macraith had commenced building a stone wall, for the purpose of taking in a low piece of sandy ground, which was seldom visited by the river, except at high-water, and since the commencement of his work, had been preserved comparatively dry. Against this wall, the principal current of the river ran ; and Pat, who was well aware of this circumstance, expected nothing less than that the old mare would meet her death at the wall, and leave him and his fare to struggle with the tide for their lives : he was, however, determined to use his best exertions to prevent this finale, and when arrived within a few feet of the dreaded spot, manœuvred to upset the Traveller side-ways against the wall ; this was no easy matter, as any extraordinary feeling of the reins invariably caused the mare to drop

her head, and impede her motion ; however, by a gentle application of the left rein on one side of her head, and the flail-handle on the other, Pat succeeded in getting the Traveller perpendicular to the stream, which being accomplished, the current drove it full against the half-made stone wall, and sent the whole concern on the other side, upon *terra firma*.

The new-reclaimed ground which this wall enclosed was of very unequal quality, being variously interspersed with remembrances of its former occupier, in the shape of pools of water ; into one of these the able charioteer was thrown headlong, and completely soused ; into another, the cornet, having extricated himself with some difficulty from the small window of the Traveller, inadvertently jumped ; luckily the pool was but ankle-deep ; and Breakpeace, who received part of its contents in his left eye, was by far the greatest sufferer

of the two; the captain's silk handkerchief, however, settled this matter; and both taking off their kid gloves, made shew of assisting Pat, at least as far as that assistance was compatible with cleanliness, in righting the machine.

The Traveller, although severely shook in its timbers, and considerably soaked in the under part, yet had not sustained any material injury; and Pat, well pleased to have compromised death for a ducking, thanked God for all his mercies, and begged the "gentlemin to get in while he'd lade the mare through them pools, bother 'em!" Pat's wishes were complied with; and in a few minutes they were entering Mr. Macraith's gate-way; but no "throt in the avenue" was here exhibited; and Pat, on being reminded of his promise, replied, with much sensibility, "Ah! thin, is it a throt ye'd have, captains; and the crature just afther that

big swim? sure 'tis much that the ould mare can crawl up the avinu' at all at all, let alone throt, kilt as she is, God bless her?"

The *throt* was not insisted on, and Pat continued to lead his suffering charge until he brought her to the hall-door. Here a servant had been stationed to look out for the officers, whose arrival the company had already awaited full half-an-hour. This servant was, as he called himself, "a county Limerick boy;" he had but lately been enlisted in the service of Mr. Macraith, as deputy footman, and was altogether unenlightened as to the construction of the Cahir Travellers. The "Limerick boy," however, was a fellow of quick observation; and the moment that the vehicle drove up, he seized the handle of the false door with much eagerness, and began to pull most violently at the side of the carriage; meantime Breakpeace and the cornet issued from the regular entrance

at the back, and quite electrified the "Limerick boy," who was still further confounded by Pat saluting him with a "Blood 'an owns, man! hasn't the Thraveller been desthroyed enough without your pullin' the side out of it entirely? lave go, and don't be makin' a Judy of yourself."

Pat did not wait for a voluntary compliance with his orders, but *shouldered* the "Limerick boy" out of contact with the vehicle; and leading it off to the stable, left the bewildered footman to follow the officers into the hall.

CHAPTER X.

GALTEE LODGE.

Well! we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we eat and we drank ———

CROFTON CROKER—*apud Dan O'Rourke.*

THE party assembled at Galtee Lodge on this occasion, were Mr. and the two Miss Hibbits, of Golden House; Dick Dashditch, of Coverley; and Lieut. Peeler, of the Horse Police: these, together with Mr. and Mrs. Macraith, their six daughters, and as many cousins, of equally divided sexes, made up the small family party to which Pierce and his captain had been invited.

Mr. Hibbit, like his youngest daughter, Sally, was tall, thin, near-sighted, and talkative; by the rigid economy of his late wife, and his own successful practice as an attorney, he had been enabled at the age of fifty, to retire from business, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which sum, it was generally understood, would be equally divided between the two young ladies.

The elder Miss Hibbit, or Milly, as her father, in his moments of affection called her, was as conspicuously short as her younger sister was tall; she was also fat and sharp-sighted, and even in the attribute of loquacity, with which in general the gentler sex are pretty equally gifted, Milly formed as strong a contrast to her Patagonian sister as could be well imagined. Sally was cold, malevolent and repulsive; Milly was hot, good natured and conciliating. Sally had brains enough to be satiri-

cal—Milly could not spare her small portion of intellect for any such superfluous purpose. Sally was a stoic philosopher—Milly knew not the meaning of the term. The discourse of the younger sister was conveyed in wire-drawn sentences, of most elaborate construction, keeping the auditor in breathless anxiety for the termination ; whereas Milly looked half the meaning of what she intended to convey, and when looks failed, preferred even substituting action to the more verbose system of her younger sister.

But in the mere point of talking, old Hibbit by far exceeded the fair Sally ; indeed, no Miss or Madam in the neighbourhood was at all a match for him. Law, physic, or divinity—politics, metaphysics, or phrenology, all were alike acceptable to his argumentative powers ; and so objectionable to this orator was any thing like a concord of opinion among the company, that he indifferently adopted either or both sides

of the question, in order to ensure himself the excitement of a discussion.

Minor topics also were as highly favoured by him as those of a more sublime or philosophical nature : with the soldier he discussed tactics ; with the sailor, navigation ; to the sportsman he laid down infallible rules for success ; with the idler he argued the comparative merits of boarding houses : even a pugilist, in describing the science of self-defence, would not have it all his own way ; and, in default of more exalted subjects, Hibbit had no objection to uphold any one of the blacking inventors against the other. This was all carried on with an affectation of modesty, and an invariable profession of utter ignorance of the very subjects he so dogmatically argued. Dinner had been ordered immediately on the arrival of the officers ; and Mrs. Macraith—a red-faced lady, and ci-devant house-keeper to her lord—now rang the bell, for

the sixth time, to know why it was not brought up; instead, however, of putting the simple query, the answer to which had so often deceived her, she addressed the servant on his sixth appearance, with "hadn't you bettther bring tay?" an inquiry at once so severe and so facetious, that the cornet immediately conceived a high opinion of their hostess's ability. The welcome intelligence was at length announced, and the company proceeded to the dining room:—the lively Milly was consigned to the cornet's charge, and her more stately sister to that of Breakpeace.

At the head of the table, and upon rather an elevated seat, in order to give her full command over a huge tureen of oysters, Mrs. Macraith presided; at the other end, her former, but not present master, was nearly hid from her view by an enormous cod, garnished with smelts; a fine Cork ham, placed between

Dick Dashditch and Miss Jane Macraith, occupied the centre, and it was made known to the company by the lady president, "that the turkey to which it belonged was coming in exchange for the soup, and that her husband's cod-fish was to be replaced by a rump of beef." It is unnecessary to specify the quantity and distribution of the potatoes and other vegetables, which were, as may be imagined, not out of proportion to the above eatables.

Old Hibbit, who led the lady of the house to the dining-room, occupied the post of honour on her right hand, the left being supported by the lieutenant of police, who, though of inferior rank to the dragoon captain, was thus complimented in consequence of a "hankering" which Mrs. Macraith said "she thought he had after her eldest daughter." This young lady, a brown little maiden, with sparkling black eyes, was seated next to the lieutenant, and on her

left were the cornet and Milly; opposite to these, Breakpeace and the younger Miss Hibbit were stationed, and the lower part of the table was chequered with the remaining Miss Macraiths, and their cousins of various removes. Thus arranged, the scene of destruction and discourse began. The late aquatic excursion of Pierce and his captain, and their fortunate escape from a watery grave, naturally formed the principal topic of conversation; the cornet, in a modest tone, detailed the event to his neighbour, Milly; the captain to Sally, but in a voice sufficiently audible to be heard by all the company, who vied with each other in inquiries and condolence.

“ I don’t pretend,” said old Hibbit, addressing himself to Breakpeace, “ to any knowledge of the velocity of rivers, Sir; but if your driver had avoided the principal current, by turning his horse towards the left bank, you

would have arrived at the wall without much difficulty, or even reached the shore at some other more favourable landing-place. I do not mean, however—do you understand?—to insist upon the possibility of such a proceeding; it merely strikes me—do you see?—that it is evident the carriage could have been easily landed in the way I mention—do you understand?”

Breakpeace did not at all understand the orator's theory, having just had so practical an illustration of its impossibility, and confessed his inability to comprehend how, in such a current, the plan proposed by Mr. Hibbit could be effected.

Hibbit replied by disclaiming any knowledge of the subject, at the same time adding, that the possibility of the thing being done in the way he mentioned was quite clear and self-evident; however, finding that Breakpeace was not to be convinced against the evidence of

his senses, the orator turned to Mrs. Macraith, and proved the case to her entire satisfaction.

“ I imagine,” said Miss Sally Hibbit, drawing back her mouth into a most satirical smile, “ my father purposes to demonstrate that your charioteer, Patrick, is not likely to—a—be convicted before a jury, constituted of—a—persons of competent proficiency in the science of hydraulics, of the crime of supererogation,” and the smiling mouth of the speaker closed with the complacency of having uttered a well-constructed sentence.

“ Do you mean the driver ?” said Breakpeace, abruptly interrupting her.

“ Precisely,” replied the lady ; “ I perceive you—a—introduce yourself into the spirit of—a—my induction ; the driver, Patrick, or Pat, as you denominate him, cannot, according to my conception of the description of your—a—

I may almost cognominate—a—amphibiously jeopardous casualty, be charged with the imputation of—a—super-zealous attention to the important and—a—highly responsible obligations, which the acceptance of the office of—a—conductor to such—a—machine or vehicle as that in which you and Mr. Butler were confident enough to hazard your—a—vitality, necessarily involves.”

“Surely Pat did his best,” said Breakpeace, having, at length, discovered the bearing of Miss Sally’s insinuation, “and nobody could do more.”

“I deny your *major*, Captain Breakpeace,” smartly replied the lady logician.

“My *major* !” echoed Breakpeace ; “the woman’s mad,” thought he ; and added “do you mean Major Costiff, Miss Hibbit ?”

Breakpeace laid down his knife and fork, stared at his neighbour in evident ignorance of

her meaning, and returned to the attack upon some boiled beef, which he found much more easy of digestion than the lady's eloquence.

“ I fear that I have not sufficiently rendered my sentiments comprehensible to you, Captain Breakpeace,” said the fair orator, “ but if you will exhibit the affability to—a—propel me the salt, I will endeavour to illuminate the observation which my father's hypothesis has—a—superinduced.”

The captain complied with the lady's request, and, in awful expectation of the threatened “ illumination,” returned to the beef. Miss Sally having carefully sprinkled a measured portion of salt over her potatoes, to which Dick Dashditch had just added a most uncouth slice of ham, thus continued :—

“ The—a—absolute substance of what I intended to imply, Captain Breakpeace, is simply that—a—the person to whose charge

was committed the direction of the animal which conducted your machine—”

Captain Breakpeace smiled.

“ Oh, you are pleased to be merry, Captain Breakpeace, and affect ignorance of logic ; but I must still deny the first proposition of your syllogism.”

Now Breakpeace knew just as much about logic as he did of the longitude, and was altogether unable to attach any other than a *military* meaning to the word *major*. Finding, however, that the fair lady's denial neither alluded to Major Costiff, nor to any other major that he was acquainted with, he felt more confirmed in his former opinion of Miss Sally's mental misfortune ; and fearing that any further verbal excitement from him might lead to some unpleasant exposure of her aberration of mind, he declined replying to the last observation, and again took refuge in the beef.

Miss Sally being for her part much gratified at the opportunity which an uninterrupted auditor had afforded her, of duly maturing the construction of her sentences, felt satisfied with the confounding effects of her elaborate phraseology, and masticated her ham with all the self-complacency of an acknowledged conqueror, and in pure consideration for the limited endowments of the dragoon captain, confined her future addresses to him to simple applications for a "modicum of mustard," "an indefinitely small portion of the vegetable" (meaning potatoes), a request "that the captain would endeavour to prevail upon his coadjutor (the cornet) to accommodate her with some *dog in a blanket*," and such like evidences of verbiage and appetite.

Meantime the lively Milly was probing deep into the heart of Pierce, as much from the simple curiosity of wishing to ascertain whether or not it was untenanted, as from an incipient

desire to become the occupier, which the cornet's interesting appearance, and still more interesting escape, had created in the mind of this susceptible damsel. Over and over again was the cornet obliged to detail the several circumstances connected with his late excursion on the Suire, and at no recital did his sensitive auditor fail to pity, ejaculate, and sigh; the conclusion of the story, in particular, had for her feelings a peculiar sympathy; for whenever the cornet arrived at "the pool of water, and the splash into Breakpeace's eye," Milly turned up the whites of her hazel orbits, and looking full in the face of the narrator, shot forth a mingled expression of internal feeling, which seemed to say, "I am sure I could love you, if you would give me any encouragement."

Pierce was so much taken up with his subject that he did not for some time perceive to what extent it had interested his fair neighbour, nor

indeed would he allow himself to believe that any thing more than a natural commiseration for his sufferings was intended to be conveyed, until, on the ladies rising to withdraw, a part of Milly's flounce got somehow or other entangled in the cornet's sabretache. It then for the first time struck him that something more than the accidental connexion of the straps and muslin delayed the departure of his friend; and when at length, the flounce being extricated, Milly designedly drew it along the palm of the cornet's hand, he involuntarily receded, with a consciousness that he was bound to shew her he had no heart to offer.

The ladies having retired, their healths were drank, and Dick Dashditch proposed to the host to "square round the fire," which paradox, according to Dick's conception of mathematics, was effected. Old Hibbit and Lieutenant Peeler now continued an argument on the con-

stabulary force of Ireland, which had been kept up by Hibbit, much to the lieutenant's annoyance, ever since the first course had been removed, and had now arrived at that *ne plus ultra* in the long orator's system of debating, which consisted of his disclaiming all knowledge of the subject, asserting, that "he never argued, but merely stated facts," and concluding with an expression of his usual modest confidence in the infallibility of his own judgment.

"The fact of the matter is this, Mr. Peeler, to tell you the truth—for I don't pretend to argue upon a subject on which you must be much better informed than I can possibly be, but merely state facts—the fact of the matter is—and you will find what I say to be correct, at least that's my idea—that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where the interposition of the civil power has been required, you will find that the horse police have been totally unavailing; and, in

my opinion, the establishment is a decided imposition upon the country."

"Why, docthor," said the lieutenant—for, somehow or other, the *ci-devant* attorney had got the nickname of 'doctor,' in the neighbourhood—"you don't mane to say, docthor, as we could keep the county Tip'rary quite widout the poliss?"

"My good Sir—do you understand?—I don't profess to enter into the merits of your particular profession, which, for all I know to the contrary, may be composed of very worthy men—do you see?—but the fact of the matter is this, for the case does not admit of argument (indeed I should be very unequal to the discussion, if it did); but as I merely confine myself to facts, and endeavour to make use of the little intellect which has been given me, why then the question resolves itself into a matter of common experience; to be convinced of which

one has only to make use of their eyes and ears ; and, according to my estimate of the abstract evidence of a man's own senses, the thing is as clear as that two and two make four. Do you understand ?”

The lieutenant saw that it was in vain any longer to uphold the unequal contest ; and, turning to Dick Dashditch, inquired after his last day's sport, and made “the Doctor” a present of the argument. Dick detailed the particulars of the elegant run they had with “the Grove hounds” the preceding Tuesday ; and how he and Tom Flynn rode at the tail of the hounds every foot of the way ; and after killing the fox for the second time, ended with—

“But they may talk of huntin' in Tip'rarry, and that ; but 'tis just nothing at all to the huntin' in the county Galway. 'Tis there ye'd see the five-foot walls and six-foot walls, coped

and dashed, besides dthrains your two eyes couldn't see over."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed old Macraith.
"Dick, you are a gallows bird; come, help yourself to another glass of claret; the bottle stands with you."

Dick declined, and expressed his preference for "the sperits and the matarials," which were accordingly handed him, and done ample justice to. Breakpeace laughed, leaped walls, ditches, and drains, with Dick, drank his wine, and enjoyed himself amazingly; the cornet sipped his claret at the corner of the table, near the fire, and, though a more tranquil observer, derived considerable amusement from the scene. At length, thinking of the Suire and the Traveller, and perceiving that his captain was becoming rather elevated by his imaginary hunting and real drinking, he set the example

of retreat, and adjourned to the drawing-room.

There the fair Milly had been long anxiously expecting his arrival, and calculating upon the cornet's reserve, had taken possession of a seat so near the door that, even if he had mustered courage enough to advance towards the centre of the room, she had ensured herself a passing notice by interrupting his line of communication. Pierce, however, had not yet forgot the flounce hint in the dining room, and the wine having no doubt increased his confidence, he, to the destruction of all Milly's calculations, marched boldly forward to where Miss Jane Macraith was presiding at the tea-table. Milly's design, however, was not to be thus parried, for, drawing the piano stool after her, with an effort that ought to have excited the gallantry of a ploughman, she took up a position in a recess of the window, and sighing deeply, re-

quested Miss Jane to send her some tea. Who but the cornet could be the bearer of this consolation? Pierce instinctively offered his services, and presented the cup to the fair Milly, with every appearance of being gratified with his office; but it was not so much tea that the lady wanted—not so much the mere vegetable excitement of that invigorating plant. Pierce's presence was the desideratum; but, notwithstanding the most unequivocal expression of hazel eyes—in spite of the most judiciously displayed shoulders, of unrivalled whiteness—notwithstanding the parenthetical exhibition of a sweet little foot, which was occasionally protruded to relieve the cornet's eyes from the monotony of the carpet, and the most encouraging promise of corresponding symmetry above the ankle, the cornet's heart remained unmoved—

Steel clad against her whole artillery,

for Susan Lovett reigned there predominant.

The cornet, however, took the tea to Milly, and in due time was requested to place the empty cup on the table. Unintentionally on the part of the cornet, and apparently arising from a suddenly assumed position of the restless Milly, a concussion of elbows took place at the moment when Pierce held out his hand to receive the cup. Milly drew back, and looking up at the cornet with the most amplified expression of benevolence, in which rebuke was most angelically mingled with affection, archly whispered, "Oh, Mr. Butler, what a flirt you are!" Poor Pierce, unconscious of any cause that he had given for such an accusation, blushed indignantly at the mere implication of an act with which he was at no time chargeable, and begged ten thousand pardons for any apparent rudeness, which he declared was unintentional ; then again

offering to convey the cup, opened his hand to receive it. Milly seized the proffered palm, and after significantly compressing it in her own, declared Mr. Butler "was very serious," and at length suffered the cornet to depart with his charge.

The rest of the gentlemen now entered, and disposed themselves in various parts of the room. Breakpeace steered as wide of the logical Sally as the small room would admit; Lieutenant Peeler devoted himself to Miss Jane; Old Hibbit struck up an argument with Mrs. Macraith upon the best mode of making raspberry jam; the master of the house went to sleep in the corner; and Dick Dashditch, describing a zig-zag course from the door to the tea table, abruptly observed, "Miss, that's a fine tay-pot."

"You may say that, Mr. Dick," said Mrs. Macraith, who had a quick ear for any compli-

ments that were paid to her table appointments, and now left the doctor to make his own case of the raspberry jam ; “ that’s a son and heir, as they call it, as has been in the family these thousands of years.”

“ An heir-loom, I presume, Mrs. Macraith purposes to notify,” drawled Miss Sally.

“ Oh ! that’s not what I mane at all, Ma’am,” said Dick, “ it’s what I was going to say, that this tay-pot is nothing at all to my mother’s tay-pot.”

“ Why, what sort is that, Mr. Dick ?” replied the lady, not a little disappointed at an insulting comparison, instead of an exclusive compliment.

“ Lord bless you, Ma’am, ours is a golden tay-pot.”

“ A golden tea-pot ?” exclaimed half a dozen of the young ladies.

"Oh, do tell us what it is like," said Miss Jane.

"Why, then I'll tell you," answered Dick. "The goulden tay-pot, that stands at home in the butler's pantry, d'ye see—a waikly woman wouldn't lift the spoon that's belonging to it."

"Oh, my gracious!" unanimously exclaimed the young ladies.

"Ha, ha, Dick, you're a gallows bird!" said old Macraith, as he was awoke by the young ladies' noise.

Some coffee-cups having been ordered in for those gentlemen who had last arrived from the dining-room, the "Limerick boy" entered with a salver, bearing six china cups, of a handsome and valuable pattern. The deputy-footman having only that day entered upon office, and having moreover "wetted his commission" rather too freely, a certain degree of nervousness

was created in his person, which caused the downfall of the tray and entire fracture of all the cups, immediately after his kicking the door to. Mrs. Macraith, determined to shew her good breeding, made no observation on the accident, and suffered the servant to collect the fragments, and return with another set. Almost exactly in the same manner, these cups, which were still more valuable, also met an untimely fate, and, with one or two exceptions, were entirely destroyed. The hostess, no longer able to bridle her rage, now seized the deputy-footman by the skirt of his coat, as he was rapidly retreating with the mutilated china; and raising the coat sufficiently high to allow full space for her intended reproof, she applied the *argumentum à posteriori* with the full force of her broad muscular hand, accompanying the action with the concentrated expression of,

“Take that!”—thus giving vent to her stifled feelings in both words and action.

Pat obediently received his mistress’s donation, and not being ambitious to excite any further practical exhibition of her kindness, was soon out of sight: nor did he venture again that evening to shew even the skirt of his coat inside the room.

The cornet now thought that affairs were becoming rather too domestic to justify the presence of visitors, and gave Breakpeace a hint to that effect, who, glad to have an excuse for escaping from a long argument upon “flatulent choleric,” in which Hibbit had entangled him, rang the bell, and ordered the Traveller. Pat soon appeared at the hall-door, and apparently not depressed in spirits by dinner and punch, which was always liberally provided for the “quality’s servants,” by the shrewd hostess,

she herself having experienced the popularity-creating effect of good feeding.

Hibbit, being deserted in his "statement of facts," also prepared to depart; and Milly was not slow in requesting the cornet's assistance in finding her clogs and mantle: while these were being arranged, she took occasion of hinting to the cornet the delights of "moonlight walks with one that one likes"—at the same time endeavouring to convey to the cornet her idea of who that favoured *one* was; but Pierce was insolubly cold: and having seen her trot after the long strides of Miss Sally and "the Doctor," followed Breakpeace into the Traveller.

END OF VOL. I.

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